

Crittenden Record-Press

No. 11

Marion, Crittenden County Kentucky, Thursday Morning, Sept. 27 1917

Vol. XXXX

WHAT HAPPENED TO PARKER

A Comedy Of Errors Well
Presented By Home
Talent.

The home talent play was presented as per announcements Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock at the opera house to a crowded house, every seat being taken and all available space being filled with extra seats. The audience was delighted with the play, and the players, Miss Lena Holtzclaw, the directress, came in for much praise for her talent and patience necessary to prepare such a play and put it on in a pleasing way.

The net proceeds of the performance was given to the Red Cross society. The receipts being \$170.00, expenses \$40.00, leaving net sum of \$130.00 for the Red Cross. These young people deserve many thanks for lending their talents to so laudable a cause and in a way to give pleasure to all who were fortunate enough to see it. Each of those who took part deserve special mention but our space will not permit us to comment on the splendid way in which each did their bit.

Those who took part and the characters represented follows: Ernest Carnahan, "Fred Parker," a wholesale dry goods merchant, "Dr. Rogers,"

Neil Guess, "William Torrence," his partner; H. C. Franklin, "Jeremiah Growler," a retired business man; Virgil Threlkeld, "James Jones,"; Orville Lamb, "Mr. Harrison," a capitalist from Chicago, "Sergeant Ripley,"; Clifton Crawford, "Otto," a waiter; Lena Holtzclaw, "Vivian," Parker's wife; Leaffa Wilborn, "Mildred Green," her maiden aunt; Mary Dollar, "Hebe Worthy," Growler's niece; Gussie Burgett, "Cora," maid at Parker's.

Red Cross Chapter.

The Red Cross Chapter organized at Marion in July now has a membership of 382, and funds amounting to \$1033.00.

Rev. H. R. Short, is president, Rev. J. B. Trotter, vice Pres., Miss Frances Blue, Sec'y, and Miss Madeleine Jenkins, treasurer.

Preparations are being made to start sewing and knitting for the soldiers right away. Marion is planning a great county campaign regarding this work.

October Illiteracy Campaign.

The teachers and citizens of Kentucky are to make a great drive against illiteracy during the month of October in an effort to teach twenty thousand during that time to read and write.

Sunday Schools of the State have been asked to cooperate. Sunday, October 7th., has been designated as the day when all Sunday Schools in the State will have a program devoted to the subject of illiteracy in Kentucky and how to eradicate it. Letters from moon light pupils who were rejoiced over being able to read their Bibles, will be read.

CREAM NOTICE.

After this notice we will test cream only on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturday morning until 1 o'clock.—R. F. Wheeler.

ELECTION OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES

Superintendent Travis Pleads With
The Patrons To Be
Alert.

Saturday, October 6th, is trustees' election day for the rural schools. There are elections due in the following districts:

Brown, Forest Grove, Bethel, Barnett, Rosedale, Blooming Rose, Irma, Freedom, Ford's Ferry, Sisco Chapel, Owen, Boaz, Caldwell Springs Jackson, Chapel Hill, Prospect, Steady Grove, Lone Star, Lilydale, Midway, Seminary Springs, Weston, Belts Mines, Applegate, Gladstone and Moore.

For a long time the trustee's place has been looked upon as a place of drudgery and ungratefulness. True there is some extra work to be done, some service with little or no pay, and a man may do his best and still some one will accuse him of not doing his duty. These are some of the stories that come to the county Superintendent from his trustees. We can all work better when we have the co-operation of our constituency. Let's have a good word for the trustee and try with him to make our school better.

The trustee has a very important place in the school system and can be of great assistance to his teacher, neighborhood and his county. I think Crittenden county has one of the best corps of trustees to be found in any county, still there are a few slackers, a few who want to teach the school and leave the teacher out of some who think the school fund was created for charity purposes, some who will charge more for a little job done for the school, that would if it were a government job. They will take a team on the road and work all day for \$1.50 then want to charge the school 15 cts., per bushel for hauling coal. This kind in the county are few, though.

This week is Patriotic week for the State, and it makes me think that we could show our patriotism by being loyal to our schools, and community interests in general as well as any other way. I am a little inclined to think that we are not quite so patriotic to our schools as we should be. We do not place enough importance on the school work. We are inclined to hire a teacher, then leave her to work out her own salvation, or elect a trustee and try continually to hinder what few notions he may have for the betterment of the school. Or we will have a good school in the community and permit our children to stay at home more than half of the time then blame the teacher because the child grows up in ignorance. There are about 300 grown men and women in Crittenden county who cannot read and write. This is a disgrace! The State of Kentucky pays as much per capita for schools as almost any other State in the Union, then has as many or more illiterates. Let's be loyal to ourselves and our children, and patriotic to our State and our Country by giving our hearty good will and co-operation to our schools while the weather is good for the little children and the work is in hand.

Men and women, go to your school houses on Saturday, October 6th, and elect the best man or the best woman in your district to act as trustee for the next two years. Women have a right to vote and to hold the office of trustee.

Yours very truly,
E. JEFFREY TRAVIS,
County Supt.

Notice To Creditors.

All persons having claims against the estate of C. E. Humphrey, Deed., will present same to me at my office properly proven as required by law, on or before the 15th., day of October 1917, or same will be barred.

D. A. Lowry, Commissioner, Crittenden Circuit Court.

BIDS WANTED

For The County Poor Farm
Oct. 2nd., 1917.

The County Poor farm will be let to the lowest bidder for the ensuing year at the October term of the Fiscal Court which meets the 1st., Tuesday in October which is the second day of the month. Bidders will send bids in sealed envelopes naming their bondsmen.

J. G. Asher,
County Judge.

City Ordinance.

The City Council of the City of Marion, Ky., do ordain as follows: That a side walk be built on the east side of North Main Street, fronting and abutting on the lot of Jamie Howerton said walk to begin at the north end or side of said lot and extend as far south as said lot extends.

Said walk to be built five feet wide, to be of concrete and to be laid on a bed of cinders not less than four inches deep, and the whole to be done in a good and workmanlike manner.

Said walk is to be completed within 60 days after the passage and publication of this ordinance, and if said walk is not completed within a period of sixty days, the City Marshal will advertise for sealed bids to complete said walk as required by this ordinance, and let the contract to have said walk built to the lowest bidder, and the expense of putting down said walk if done under contract with the City Marshal as herein provided shall become a lien upon said property as provided by the charter of said city in such cases made and provided. Passed and approved Sept. 10th., 1917.

J. R. Perry, Mayor, Protem.
E. L. Harpending, Clerk.

Shady Grove Couple

Marry at Dixon.

Murray G. McDowell and Mrs. Lena Hubbard, a well known and popular couple of Shady Grove, were united in marriage at Dixon Monday, Rev. A. B. Stone performing the ceremony. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Towery, of Shady Grove, is a highly esteemed woman and the groom is a popular young farmer and also the mail carrier on Shady Grove route, No. 1.—Providence Enterprise.

Notice To Creditors.

All persons having claims against the estate of Lucy E. Mett, Deed., will present same to me, properly proven as required by law, at my office, on or before October 20th., 1917, or same will be barred.

This 24th., day of Sept., 1917.
D. A. Lowry, Commissioner, Crittenden Circuit Court.

Miss Vitula Rushing, Daughter of Former Marion Citizen, Dies

Miss Vitula Rushing, youngest daughter of Rev. J. T. Rushing, some years ago in charge of the Methodist church in this city, died a few years at Columbia, Ky., where she was a member of faculty of the Lindsay Wilson Memorial College. The interment took place in Owensboro, where her parents reside.—Kentuckian.

New Cloaks and Suits at a bargain at Lottie Tinsley Terry's

Dycusburg Organizes A Red Cross Auxilliary.

Under the auspices of the Board of Education and the faculty of the Dycusburg Graded School, an Auxilliary branch of the Crittenden County Chapter of the RED CROSS was organized at Dycusburg last Friday evening.

Although the intended organization had been announced only a few days before, the City Hall was crowded when, at 7:30 o'clock, the school children commenced the program. Miss Mary Helen Finley and Miss Edmonia Bennett deserve much credit for having been able in so few days to train the pupils to give such an enjoyable program. The exercises consisted of patriotic songs, recitations and dialogues.

At the conclusion of the school program, Miss Lena Holtzclaw, of Marion, gave some dialect readings. The hearty encores for the delighted crowd proved the success of this popular entertainer, who never fails to please her audience.

Mr. Gus Graves, Secretary of the Board of Education, then explained in a clear, concise manner the purpose of the meeting. He emphasized the great need of the RED CROSS for organized aid, and closed with a strong appeal for individual service from the mass of people who, altho they stay at home, can do their bit to help the sufferers on the battle fields of Europe.

Mr. Graves then introduced Dr. T. Atchison Frazer, of Marion, who for an hour held his audience spell bound in a masterly address. His earnestness and eloquence were never more in evidence, and he was frequently interrupted with hearty applause. Many of his listeners were moved to tears and the enthusiasm he aroused will have much to do with the success of the Red Cross at Dycusburg.

Dr. Frazer deserves much credit for what he has done and is doing in this crisis. Besides serving on the Draft and Exemption Boards, as Chairman of the Crittenden County Council of National Defense he is working for the greater production and conservation of food, he is also constantly working in the RED CROSS movement. His is the best brand of patriotism.

At the conclusion of Dr. Frazer's address quite a number enrolled as members of RED CROSS and a Committee was appointed to meet the following morning to complete the organization.

Box Supper.

A box supper will be held at Post Oak School Oct. 5, 1917. Everybody is cordially invited to attend.

Isaac Marion Dillard,
Teacher.

Weather Forecast.

For the week beginning Sunday, Sept. 23, 1917.

For Ohio Valley and Tennessee Fair early in week, showers in Ohio Valley Tuesday. Fair thereafter, Rising temperature Sunday and Monday. Moderate fall later.

Mrs. Victoria B. Harpending, of the New Salem neighborhood, was a pleasant caller at the home of her son, E. L. Harpending, on Elm street, last Friday. Mrs. Harpending has reached a ripe old age having been born Feb. 10th, 1844. She is the widow of the late Thomas A. Harpending, deceased, and before her marriage was Victoria Travis.

JAMES HOMER MOORE LEADER

Wants Home Folks To Remember
The Boys At Camp Zachary
Taylor.

83rd Co., 21st Battalion,
159th Depot Brigade.
Camp Taylor, Ky., Sept 20, 1917.

Mr. L. E. Guess,
Clerk of Crittenden Co., Court,
Marion, Ky.

My dear Mr. Guess:

All of the men composing the first quota of conscripted men to be sent to Camp Taylor arrived in fine spirits at 8:30 o'clock, Wednesday night. Speaking for the rest of the party, as well as for myself, we are highly pleased with our surroundings. Drill began this morning and the men are very interested in an effort to become well trained soldiers at the earliest possible date. I have not taken part in drill so far, but have been used in the office helping with the preparation of the Company books.

In the near future our company will be in permanent quarters with our own mess. At that time we are anxious to start our "company fund" which as you probably understand, is used for the purpose of procuring reading material, possibly a victrola, such athletic equipment as we may desire, and many other articles that will add greatly to our comfort and pleasure while located here. The beginning of this fund will be such amounts as we may be able to save from that allowed us for our mess.

On behalf of the other boys already here and those who will soon become a part, I would consider it a great favor and appreciate it highly if you would put this matter before the citizens of the county in any manner that you may see fit, with the suggestion that donations are fitting and proper and wholly in order.

Thanking you for the many past favors, I am sincerely,
JIM H. MOORE.

"General" L. E. Guess Asks Contributions for Soldiers.

Being interested beyond measure, in the welfare of our Crittenden County soldier boys, who are now going forth to participate in the most horrible war ever waged since the beginning of time, I, therefore, call special attention of every citizen of this County to a letter published in this issue of the Record-Press, which I received from James Homer Moore, who is now on duty at Camp Zachary Taylor, which letter explains to us, whereby we may contribute to the comfort and welfare of these boys to whom we owe a debt of gratitude which we can never fully pay, but we can, at least, partially pay the interest on this debt, therefore, I earnestly solicit every liberty loving citizen of this county to join me in contributing to the Soldier Boys' Library Fund, which will be not only for the benefit of the boys who have already gone, but also for those who are yet to go.

Respectfully,
L. E. Guess.

If your team is afraid of the trains, go to Maurie Nunn's coal yards for its away from the trains.

VAN PELT CLEMENT BRILLIANT AFFAIR

St. Petersburg Florida Merchant
Wins One Of Marion Fair-
est Daughters.

The marriage of Miss Marion Clement eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson I. Clement to Mr. Edward Van Cleave of St. Petersburg, Fla., was solemnized Wednesday morning at eight thirty o'clock at the First Presbyterian Church Rev. L. O. Spencer of Elizabethtown uncle of the bride officiating, in a ceremony at once impressive, and beautifully worded. Mrs. John Wilson presided at the piano and rendered sweetest music until the arrival of the bridal party when the Lohengrins wedding march peeled forth in tones clear and well remembered by many in the vast audience which thronged the edifice which had been transformed into a paradise by the deft hands of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Adams and Miss Ruth Flanary. Ferns, potted plants and palms were every where in evidence and ropes of evergreens and southern smilax was used in profusion. Promptly at the hour announced Rev. Spencer and other members of the family including the brides mother who is an invalid, entered and took the seats reserved for them, and the bridal party soon entered. Mr. Ray Flanary and Miss Nell Dulin of Madisonville leading the way one in each of the aisles, which had been converted into flower laden pergolas, producing a lovely scene as one entered from the vestibule.

The matron of honor Mrs. George Orme, sister of the bride followed in the left aisle and the groom and his best man Mr. George Orme in the right aisle the bride leaning on the arm of her father meeting them at the altar where the solemn and beautiful ring ceremony was said, the bridal party then leaving the church to Mendelsohn bridal chorus, returning to the Clement home on South Main street and thence to Fredonia where a wedding dinner was served by Mrs. John Rice, afterward departing for St. Petersburg, Florida where they will reside, and where the groom is engaged in the shoe business, and has large interests.

They go with the best wishes of many friends and the benedictions of a doting mother to whom the bride has been the greatest comfort during an illness of many years duration, her devotion and attention being most admirable. The bride was a teacher in the First Presbyterian Sunday School and will be greatly missed there. Her brightness of mind ready wit and pleasing manner will win her friends, in her new home, to whom we commend her as one of the choicest products of old Kentucky.

NOTICE.

At Siscos Chapel Friday night Sept. 28th., there will be a Box Supper and Patriotic program. Every body cordially invited to attend, girls bring boxes, boys bring plenty of money and willing hearts.

Clara Belt, Teacher.

Mrs. W. O. Tucker has gone to Louisville and Frankfort, Ky., on a short visit.



WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

FOURTEEN MONTHS AT THE FRONT

An American Boy's Baptism of Fire

By WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

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The most graphic account of the great war that has yet been written comes from the pen of a twenty-two-year-old Boston boy, who has just returned from France, where as dragon guardsman, dispatch rider and motor-car driver he served fourteen months under the British flag. Out of thirty-one motor-car dispatch riders he was one of four survivors.

PREFACE.

Prior to my arrival in England the idea of participating in the great war had never entered my head. I went abroad on business, and I expected to return to this country as soon as my work was completed. It seemed, though, that fate decreed otherwise. I had been in England a good many times before, and in France and Belgium, too, for that matter. My father was a sea captain, and I was born aboard his ship. In fact, I lived the first six years of my life on a shipboard. This last trip across the Atlantic made the twenty-third time for me, so I was quite at home in the British Isles. Almost before I knew it I had taken the step that was responsible for the most terrible yet wonderful experience that ever came to me.

In telling my story I have tried to take the important events and set them down in chronological order. I have endeavored also to link them together so as to make it possible for the reader to follow me through the principal happenings during my time of service. Many of the more vivid details of this great war I have been obliged to leave out. I have dwelt neither on the horrors of war nor yet on the glory, but I have tried to picture the daily routine of the fighting man's life as it really is.

CHAPTER I.

Sent to the Front.

EXACTLY one week from a certain day when I landed in England from the United States I was notified that my job was gone, as the company that I represented was in the hands of receivers.

I was disappointed, of course, but tried to look at the thing philosophically and to make the best of it. I bought my ticket for home, but as the boat on which I intended sailing did not leave for several days I proceeded to enjoy the remainder of my stay in England.

Things were certainly moving at that time. Very soon I was as enthusiastic as any of them, and in London I made inquiries as to whether I could join the army.

I was told that I would have no difficulty at all, but on second thought I decided to let well enough alone. The day before I was to sail from Liverpool I hesitated again and talked it over with an army officer. He was so nice about explaining everything to me that I decided that I might do lots of worse things than to see a little of the biggest scrap the world had ever known.

That night I thought about the matter some more and came to the conclusion that if they would take me into a cavalry regiment I would have a try at it. The next morning I enlisted and was made a trooper in the Fifth Dragoon guards. That same afternoon I was on my way to Aldershot, but had I known what I was going to go through I don't think I would have been so light hearted as I was. In the evening I was fitted out with my entire kit and informed that from now on I was a soldier.

I was assigned to a bed in the barracks, and from that time my troubles commenced. I was in with a crowd of old soldiers, men who had served from two to twenty years in the army, and while they were very decent chaps, they seemed to resent the fact that a "civil" had been pushed in on them. I was at once christened "Yank," and I believe they found a few other things to call me too.

The next morning at 5 o'clock the sergeant came around and dug me out. He took me down to the stables and put me in with a bunch of rookies who weren't any happier than I was. We were then instructed in the gentle art of grooming a horse. I couldn't seem to do anything right, and they didn't hesitate to tell me so either.

Then we were marched down to a breakfast of bread, bacon and tea, and we had as much as we wanted. I felt a whole lot better after eating. Breakfast over, we had room inspection, and as soon as that was over we were rookies were marched down to the riding school and handed over to the tyrant who ruled there.

I had expected to find horses all dead, and it certainly was quite a shock to learn that we got our saddles only when we had earned them. In other

words, we had to pass the bareback test before we even felt a saddle. There were no long explanations as to how a thing should be done. We were told once and in a few words as possible. Then we had to do it.

After we had mastered the art of vaulting on a horse's back we got the "walk march," then the "trot march." Then we had to drop the reins and ride with folded arms, and so it went until 12 o'clock, when we got an hour's rest. It was the same thing in the afternoon.

All one could hear was the riding master singing his commands: "Walk, march. Trot, march! Halt!" And every once in awhile he'd yell: "Hollow your backs! Hollow your backs! You're not driving a cab now. That's a horse you're on. He's got a



I Was Christened "Yank," and They Found Other Things to Call Me.

head and tail and legs and everything. Why, I wouldn't trust you blighters to drive my duck to water. There isn't one of you who could ride a table," etc. We were dismissed at 4:30 and told that this was our routine for every day until we had passed out and earned our saddles.

I don't think I was ever so tired in my life as I was that night, and I decided to turn in right after supper. That shows how much I knew about a barrack room. After supper all those who couldn't get permission to go out seemed to blame it on me, for I was battered around until they were tired of it, and when I finally got into my bed I was in a pretty bad way.

I soon found out that it was futile to try to get even. Such an attempt only made matters worse, and the only thing to do seemed to be to grin and bear it. The next morning we went down to riding school again and had the same old drill all day, except that in the afternoon they turned us around so that our backs were toward the horses' heads and made us ride that way the rest of the day.

As I was crossing the parade ground in the evening a fellow who was in my room asked me how I felt. I told him in two words.

"Well," he said, "if you want to be let alone you do as I tell you. Tonight when you go into the room pick out the biggest man you can find and don't say anything, but just walk up and paste him with all your might. You may get fished, and you may not, but you won't have much trouble after that."

Well, I didn't know where to go to have the nerve to do it, or how to do it, but I thought I'd better try it. I went through the door to the barracks and found the fellow who was to be my victim.

I went up to him and told him that I was a trooper in the Fifth Dragoon guards, and that I was a "civil" who had been pushed in on them. He looked at me for a moment and then he said: "Well, you're a pretty good fellow, but you're a bit of a coward. You won't have much trouble after that."

At first it amused me greatly to hear the men talk about the regiments they belonged to, but later I came to understand that their regiments meant more to them than anything else. In peace time when a man joins the army he is obliged to learn the history of the regiment he joins from the day it was formed to the present day. Tradition plays a great part in the life of a reg-

ular soldier, and if there is a definite spot in the history of his regiment he is bound to bear it from the men of other units, and if any derogatory remarks are passed he feels himself honor bound to fight the one who is responsible for the remarks.

If you should chance to ask a Royal Horse Artilleryman what regiment he belonged to he would immediately straighten up and answer you something after this fashion:

"I belong to the Royal Horse Artillery, the extreme right of the line and the pride of the British army." Then he would go on to tell when his regiment was formed, what it had accomplished, how many honors it has won, how many Victoria crosses the men belonging to it have won, how many killed officers belong to it, and so on, almost indefinitely.

Nearly all the regiments have nicknames, and these names are very popular. The Royal Scots claim to be the oldest regiment in the British army, so they are popularly known as "Pon-tus Plutus's bodyguard." The Gloucestershire regiment is the only one in the British army entitled to wear cap badges in the back as well as in the front, and the reason this privilege has been granted them is that in some previous war the regiment became surrounded by the enemy, and, turning back to back, they fought until relief reached them.

Another regiment has the nickname of the "Cherry Pickers." In some war of long ago this regiment was ordered to make a charge through a cherry orchard, and while passing through they forgot their duty and stopped to pick the cherries. From that day to this they have been known as the "Cherry Pickers," and the trousers of their dress uniform are of cherry colored material.

There is a certain Scotch regiment which for some reason had its kilts taken away and now has to wear trousers made of the same kind of plaid that the kilts were made of. The men are working like Trojans in this war to win their kilts back again, and they will very probably be successful, as they have done some wonderful work.

Each regiment finds something to boast about, and the men never miss an opportunity. The Seventeenth Lancers are known as the "Death or Glory Boys," as their regimental badge is the skull and crossed bones and "Death or Glory" is their motto.

The Royal Engineers have more Victoria crosses than any other regiment in the British army, and it is no wonder, for theirs is a very dangerous work and affords plenty of opportunities for men to distinguish themselves. The first Victoria cross awarded in the present war was won by a driver of an automobile, a member of the Army Service corps.

Two days later word came around that the regiment was going to the front within the week. By that time I was covered with saddle sores and was in agony the whole time. Although it requires nine months' training to turn out a full fledged cavalryman, I decided to try to go with the regiment somehow, and I didn't care how I went. Anything to get out of that riding school. So I went to a captain and told him the whole story, and I begged him to take me. He was certainly mighty nice about it, and in the end he attached me to his personal staff and took me that way.

Up to this time I hadn't thought much about what was going to happen when we reached the front, but what we got just before we sailed certainly made me do some tall thinking. We were issued identity disks first. These are hung around the neck, and on them are stamped the soldier's name, regimental number and his religion. Then we were given our pay books and told to make our wills in the back of them. The chaplain next addressed us and prayed over us.

When this was all over I was so scared I was beginning to think that the riding school might have its advantages. And all the way over on the transport I was feeling mighty blue, and I was certain that I was never going to see England again, let alone the old U. S. A.

Crossing the channel, we landed at Ostend at 4 o'clock in the morning on the eighth day of October, 1914. We had had nothing but bully beef and



The Germans Were In There at 6 the Same Night.

lard blazits all the way over, so the first place we sought when off duty was a restaurant.

I had chummed up with a fellow named Harry McGarrow and also with an old soldier and had served more than twenty years in the army—Nine years

of his service had been done in India, so he knew the ropes pretty well.

As soon as we were off duty we three made for the nearest estaminet (or small cafe) in the Flemish town. We were just putting away some bread and eggs and coffee when the general commanding the division walked in with two of his officers. Of course we jumped to attention and were about to withdraw, but he told us to finish our meal.

We were the only British troops to land at Ostend, and being the first the Belgians in that part had ever seen, we attracted a great deal of attention. Our horses and equipment seemed to amaze them. They would come up and handle the saddlery and ask, "Bel-lie-er?" When we would tell them that it was just a trooper's equipment and that all the others were the same they could not seem to get over it.

Although it was after 4 o'clock in the morning, everybody seemed to be up and at work. The Belgian peasants had no interest in the night hour law. He works from before daylight until long after dark. The peasants seem to be very poor, and a franc means more to them than several dollars would to our farmers.

We left Ostend about 6 o'clock in a hurry. No one seemed to know where we were going, and all sorts of wild rumors were flying. As a matter of fact, we left at 6 and the Germans were in there at 6 the same night, but we didn't know this until long afterward. The Belgians were most kind to us. They would bring us bread, eggs, wine, etc., and would not take any pay for the things. They were kindness itself and couldn't seem to do enough for us.

We did most of our traveling at night, and it wasn't much fun. We were not allowed to show a light of any kind and were even forbidden to smoke. As I said before, we hadn't any idea where we were going, but we were all sure we were on our way to meet the Germans, and there was a great deal of speculation as to when the meeting would come.

On the morning of the third day we came to the town of Roulers. A halt was called, and we went about making ourselves comfortable. The people were extremely cordial, too, and there was nothing that was too much trouble for them to do for us. I got into a house where the man spoke English. He had been in the shipping business in Antwerp and knew a great many of the firms my father had dealt with. I really felt quite at home.

They asked me if I thought they had better move or whether the Germans would ever get as far as Roulers. I'll never forget how I scorned the idea and assured them that they were as safe there as they would be in England.

CHAPTER II.

First Time Under Fire.

THAT afternoon about 4 o'clock shells began to drop into the town, and we made a quick exit. It was my first time under fire, and it was far from being agreeable. I had very often wondered whether I would be scared or not. Well, I found out then and I certainly was scared. Since then I have often wondered about that family and what they would think of me for advising them that they were in no danger.

It didn't take us long to move, and it is a good thing it didn't, for as we were leaving the town we could see the Germans coming over the hill about four miles away. We wondered why we didn't go to meet them, but apparently our time was not yet.

My duties were very light. Attached to Captain Colvin, I had the care of his horse and saddlery and had to ride behind him wherever he went when mounted. That is about all I had to do. Of course when the regiment went into action my duty would be to follow the captain.

Eventually we arrived at a little place called Zillebeke, and it was here that we joined up with the Seventh Infantry division. There was very little doing, and nobody seemed to know just what we were going to do. Our chaps went out on patroles every day, and occasionally they would run into a German patrol, and there would be a scrap.

During our stay at Zillebeke it was decided that all untrained men were to be returned to England to finish their training, and it looked very much as if I was going to land back in that riding school after all. While the matter was still undecided the driver of General Ryng's car was killed, so I went to the captain and told him I could drive a car, and I offered my services. He put in a word for me, and I was given the car, but only until a regular driver could be secured.

It was while I was driving this car that I saw the city of Ypres for the first time. There had not been a shell in the place yet, and it certainly was a fine old town.

One afternoon I was waiting in the car for some staff officer in the Grand place when I heard a lot of shouting and shouting. I looked over in the direction of the noise and saw that some of our troops were all firing into the air. And there above, was the first German taube I had ever seen. The pilot was flying very low and with an easy rifle range, so I got excited and dragged out my rifle and began firing at him too. His machine, I heard afterward, was absolutely riddled with bullets and he was wounded in three places. That was my first shot at a German. It was in Ypres, too, that I saw 700 of the Prussian guard brought in, and I must say that they were some of the finest looking soldiers I have ever seen. They were all great big fellows, and our infantry chaps were

mighty small beside them. It was soon after this that the Germans got their forces together and made their first attack on our positions.

outside of Ypres. I was in the town when the first shells landed, and the panic they created was something terrible to witness.

Men, women and children seemed to have but one idea, and that was to get out as quickly as possible. Old women would go staggering along with their belongings tied in each end of a bed sheet, and the whole thing slung around their neck. The streets were crowded with them. Men were driving pigs and chickens before them and the women leading and carrying children. The roads were littered with dead and dying, wounded horses screaming their horrible scream and kicking. The din was terrible. Shells would burst in the roads choked with people, but the momentary gap would immediately fill and the panic stricken people would sweep over their own dead.

At the time I couldn't seem to realize what was happening. I felt numb all over, but with an awful terror gripping me, and I longed to turn and fly.



While Shells Continued Screaming Over Us, They Were Bursting in the Town.

I remember seeing my officer coming, so I got out and started the engine. There were two horses standing just behind the car, and as the officer went to step in a piece of shell cut one of these horses in two.

As soon as we were clear of the town we were all right, for, while the shells continued screaming over us they were still bursting in the town.

This was the beginning of the first battle of Ypres, in which the little Seventh division did the seemingly impossible. Day and night the Germans poured shells into us, and still we held on. Then their artillery fire would slacken, and they would hurt their superior numbers against our "contemptible little army" in a vain endeavor to crush us by sheer weight, as it were.

The enemy seemed to rise out of the ground and sweep toward us like a great tidal wave, but our machine guns poured steel into them at the rate of 600 shots per minute, and they'd go down like grass before the scythe. If they did reach our lines at all they never went back to tell about it.

It is my honest opinion that a man in action goes temporarily insane, for were it not so how could any man continue to work a gun that was sending hundreds of his fellow creatures into a heap of groaning, squirming death? That is exactly what was happening. The Germans were climbing over heaps of their own dead only to meet the same fate themselves. The deeds of valor which have escaped notice around the Ypres salient would fill at least one large book.

With the end of the first battle of Ypres our division retired to a village called St. Jean Capelle. While the Belgian civilians had been so nice to us on the way down from Ostend I am sorry to say that we found them exactly the opposite here. We had not been in the town three hours before we had three Belgian peasants arrested and convicted of espionage.

There was a windmill on a hill just back of the village, and some one noticed that as soon as we entered the village this windmill started to go, although there wasn't a breath of air stirring. Investigation showed that two Belgians were signaling to the Germans in this way.

The other case was even worse. One of our police stopped an old Belgian with a bag under his arm and asked him what was in it. He replied that it contained nothing but a few vegetables. Something aroused our chap's suspicion, and on examination he found that it contained two pigeons with messages giving our exact strength attached to them. These men were taken to the rear and shot. Things like this make it very unpleasant for all concerned.

It was about this time that a new driver was found for the general's car, so that left me without any definite work to do. At that time, too, we had the first armored cars in action on our part of the line. They were beautiful machines, sixty horsepower, mounted with machine guns or three pounders. While I was waiting to find out what was to become of me I made one trip in the armored car—that is to say, I went into action with it once. Of course the gun was worked by expert gunners and I was simply acting as a spare driver in case anything serious happened. The body of the car was covered with bullet proof steel, and it was bullet proof too.

We didn't get up as far as some of the cars had been, but we got quite far enough to suit me. What with the racket our gun was making and the noise of the bullets booming off our armor plate, it was no place for a nervous man. The hard part for me was the inactivity, simply sitting there and waiting in case I should be wanted.

We didn't stay there so very long, and I was not sorry for it, either. That was my only trip in an armored car, and I'm not particular about having any more, thank you. I was advised that the only way I

could escape being sent back to England was to be transferred to the army service corps. This corps, the royal engineers and the royal army medical corps, are the three largest corps in the British army. When you join the A. S. C. you are never sure just what you will be let in for, because as a rule an A. S. C. man is eligible for general enlistment, and that means that he may be used for any branch of the service when he is needed.

My luck had held good so far, and I decided that I might as well push it a little bit more, and so I got transferred. I found that I was to be attached to the staff of the Fifth army corps, but as that corps was not yet in the country I was used for anything that turned up.

It became known that I could ride a motorcycle, and so I was temporarily attached as a spare rider to motor machine gun section No. 3. These machines are simply motorcycles with a side car attached, but instead of a nice cushioned seat on the side car there is a little bucket seat for a gunner and a machine gun. The gunner and rider are entirely in the open, as it would be impossible for so small a machine to carry any protection. I went out on several practice runs, and one night about 11 o'clock we were called to take four of the guns up to the trenches in a hurry.

I thought I had had some thrilling rides in my time, but I never imagined anything to equal that one. We carried no lights and had to fly through the inky blackness, guessing at the road. Several times we got stuck and my mate and I dragged the machine out of the ditch and flew on again.

Eventually we reached the place on the Menin road known as "Hell fire corner," and I think the name must have been given it from its condition that night. As the star shells went up the whole place would be almost as light as day. The Germans were shelling the road and the air was filled with all kinds of missiles.

That road was literally a death trap, and how so many came out without being touched is one of the mysteries that never can be explained. We could hear two of the guns which had got there before us in action further up the road. We continued to feel our way along until we came to where our officer was waiting for us. He showed us our position and went back to look for the machine that had not yet arrived.

Our position was in a ditch just by a place where the road had been cut by an old support trench. We eased the machine into the ditch and got her firmly fixed. Our officer came dashing back and told us to cover the road where it led out from the German trenches. Then it was simply a case of wait until they started to advance from that quarter.

We sat there for two hours before we saw any signs of activity, but when it did come it came with a rush. Hundreds of Germans seemed to rise from nowhere, and that road was literally crammed with them.

Dick, the gunner, opened at the first sign, and the machine guns from our trenches were pouring it into them too. They went down in hundreds, and while our fire checked them some-



As Soon as We Entered the Village This Windmill Started to Go.

what, they still came on. It was certainly a despairing feeling to be streaming bullets into the Germans and see them still advance. After several minutes of this the whistles blew for "cease fire" and our infantry jumped the parapet and went after them with the bayonet. They broke the attack right there, and more than that, they took two lines of German trenches.

A few days after this an incident occurred that, to my way of thinking, was one of the most wonderful things that ever happened. Volunteer dispatch riders for "dangerous work" were called for. About eighteen of our chaps offered themselves, and of course all were accepted. A dispatch was to be carried about two miles along the road which follows the bank of the Yser canal. This road was constantly being swept by German machine gun and rifle fire. The dispatch was to be handed to a French commander who was waiting for it.

The first man was given a copy of the dispatch, and he started out with it. This road ran right under the nose of the Germans and was in full view of their trenches all the way. It was so swept by machine gun and rifle fire that it seemed as if no one could possibly live through a hundred yards of it.

The first man started and was soon out of sight. They waited in vain for a certain length of time for a signal

that he had arrived, and then called No. 2. No. 2 started out, but we saw him go down before he had gone a hundred yards.

Then No. 3 started. It was pitiful to watch those poor chaps. When a man knew it was his turn next I could see the poor fellow nervously working on his machine. He'd prime the engine, then he'd open and close the throttle quickly several times—anything. In fact, to keep himself busy. When his number would be called he'd hesitate a second and perhaps flood the carburetor, then he'd take his dispatch and suddenly dash out.

Six of these fellows went down in less than half an hour. No. 7 was a young fellow whose name I don't know. I wish I did, for he was certainly the nerviest man I ever saw.

"No. 7" was hardly out of the officer's mouth before he had his dispatch and was on his way. About five minutes later the signal came that the dispatch had been delivered.

My officer told me afterward that the French general to whom he had handed the dispatch had taken the medallion miniature of his own breast and pinned it on that of this young dispatch rider. He was also later awarded the Victoria cross and given a commission. It is things like this that make one proud to belong to such an army.

CHAPTER III

Christmas in the Trenches.

SOON after this I received orders to proceed by automobile to Aire and wait for instructions. Aire was at that time the headquarters of the Indian contingent, and I was anxious to see the Indians in action. After two days' waiting there I got orders to go to Boeschepe and report myself for duty to Lieutenant McNulty. Boeschepe was not far away, so I started at once and arrived before dark. I found Lieutenant McNulty without any trouble, and he told me to report to him again the next morning, as he would not want me that day.

I found a cafe where there was room for me, and I made myself comfortable. The place was full of Indian troops, and I was very much interested in them, as they were the first I had seen in France.

That night I went around the village to see all there was to be seen, and unintentionally I stayed out after 8 o'clock. I was making my way back to my billet along the middle of the road. It was as dark as pitch, and I couldn't see a yard in front of me. Suddenly I bumped into something, and quicker than a flash two hands closed around my throat. My mouth just naturally opened wide, and I yelled "Friend!" the loudest I ever yelled in my life.

Then a light shone in my face, and I saw it was a great big Sikh on sentry go. As soon as he saw my uniform it was all right, but I was shivering for half an hour, and I vowed I'd never go prowling around at night again as long as I remained within the Indian lines.

The Indians are the most religious people I ever saw. They seem to live only for their religion, and all their ac-



The Gurkhas Pray to Their Koorkee, Most Murderous Looking Knife.

tions are governed by it. Their belief in warfare is to ask no quarter and to give none. They will fight until the last gasp.

The Gurkhas pray to their koorkee, the most murderous looking knife I ever saw. They never draw that knife unless they spill blood, and if you want to see one of the weapons you must let them cut your finger before you may look at it. These Gurkhas are supposed to be the best fighters of any of the Indian troops, and in recognition of this fact their pay is just a half penny a day less than that of the white soldier.

The Sikh places caste above everything. He will not drink from anything that has been used by a white man, for if he did he would lose caste. If he happens to be eating and a white man's shadow falls across the Sikh's food he will starve rather than touch it again.

The Indians got along very well with the French people, and some of them could even talk a little broken French. The suffering among the Indians during the first winter was terrible, but they bore it all fairly cheerfully and did their duty well. They are not trench fighters, though, and cannot play the waiting game. They want to get out at the enemy, and the officers have their work out to keep them in the trenches for very long.

The Germans certainly did not like the Indians a little bit. The Indians' belief regarding no quarter is not especially nice to think about, and their natural instincts are hard to control. They have a weakness for cutting off ears and heads and keeping other little souvenirs. The Germans know this,

and naturally it puts the fear of death into them.

I spent Christmas day of 1914 in the trenches just south of Ypres. Christmas eve was a beautiful night, and the Germans who held the trenches opposite us were very much alone the entire evening. We didn't bother them either.

There was a beautiful moon, and with everything so quiet and peaceful it was hard to realize that there was a war on. During the evening the Germans started singing, and I heard some of the most beautiful music I ever listened to in my life. The song might start just opposite us, and it would be taken up all along the line, and soon it would seem as if all the Germans in Belgium were singing. When they had finished we would applaud with all our might, and then we would give them a song in return.

A regiment in the trenches started "My Old Kentucky Home." The men were getting well along with it when some one in the German trenches joined the singing in just as good English as any of us could speak. It was beautiful, but it made me awfully homesick. After they had finished the same German voice sang "Dancing Around," and believe me, that fellow could sing ragtime. He was applauded uproariously, and then we sang some more popular songs for them, and so it went until the wee small hours of the morning.

During the night a couple of our chaps crawled up almost to the German parapet, and with them they took a photograph and a record. They wound up the machine, put on the record and attached a piece of string to the starting lever. Then they crawled back, unwinding the string as they came. The next morning they pulled the string, and it started the machine playing the song which was so popular in England at that time, "When We Wind Up the Watch on the Rhine." You can bet that that photograph was filled full of lead in short order.

During the few weeks directly after Christmas I was in the trenches just south of Ypres most of the time. When on duty in the daytime it was not so bad, but the nights were awful. The Germans had the advantage over us in that their trenches were on higher ground, and they drained all the water down into our own. We had only buckets to bail with, and it was very slow work, as well as dangerous. Then, too, the cold weather increased our troubles.

I notice in my diary, which I kept from time to time, that I entered an incident which shows our state. I will quote you just what I wrote:

"Dec. 27, 1914.—Was talking with two boys of the Royal Scots today. They have just come down from the Hollebeke trenches, and they are in terrible condition. Their casualties during the last engagement were light, as they lost only four killed and nineteen wounded, but forty-two died from exposure.

"One poor devil tells me that he has three brothers and fifteen cousins in his battalion. Two of his brothers died during the past two weeks. One stopped a bullet, but the other one drowned right by his side in the trenches, and he was unable to aid him.

"A lot came in on their hands and knees, and many came dragging themselves on their stomachs through the mud. It was terrible."

One of the saddest things I have ever seen is the last roll call of a regiment which has been cut to pieces. I saw one regiment go into action for the first time.

I watched them go up singing and shouting and in high spirits generally. They were 1,100 strong going into action, but two days later they came out, and there were only twenty-three of them to answer the last roll call. It was a heartbreaking sight and impossible to forget.

One day I went to some trenches our division had just taken over. The water was above our knees, and there was also about a foot of soft mud. In feeling around for a firmer foothold my foot struck something more solid than the ground around me. I started stamping and kicking about, but I couldn't seem to make it give way. Being curious, one of my comrades and I dug down with trenching tools.

What we unearthed was the body of a dead Frenchman. Heaven only knows how long he had been there, but he was as black as a derby hat.

At this time the Dickebusch-Hollebeke road was alive with snipers. In some way they would get through our lines and secrete themselves along the road, where they could pick off Indians with great accuracy. One day I noticed a man there was a place, particularly where we always heard a bullet pass too close to be comfortable. It was a little wooden bridge, and I don't think I ever crossed it without hearing one whizz by.

One day I got up and saw a German tenant of the Dickebusch-Hollebeke road was alive with snipers. In some way they would get through our lines and secrete themselves along the road, where they could pick off Indians with great accuracy. One day I noticed a man there was a place, particularly where we always heard a bullet pass too close to be comfortable. It was a little wooden bridge, and I don't think I ever crossed it without hearing one whizz by.

"The classed sniper has posted at me once or twice. We'll keep a road here and shoot every one who comes along. I'll be under cover of the trees. Let us see if we can find the sniper. We'll wait until he goes out to get some more, and then we'll shoot him. He'll be alone, and we'll be sure to get him. We'll wait until he goes out to get some more, and then we'll shoot him. He'll be alone, and we'll be sure to get him."

We tethered our horses to a tree and crept down to a point just about opposite the bridge. After a few minutes an empty transport wagon came along. As this hit the bridge I distinctly heard the crack of a rifle, but it came from behind and to the right

of us. We heard the bullet sing over our heads and saw the driver duck and put the whip to his horses.

Very quietly we crawled back in the direction from which the report had come. After going about 100 yards we lay still and waited. Pretty soon we heard the rifle crack again, and it wasn't very far away, but was still behind us. We went a little farther, and the lieutenant whispered: "Keep your eyes skinned. Watch the trees."

I could see no sign of life anywhere, but I knew that the sniper must be very close. After several minutes' wait the report came again, and this time it was so close that I jumped. We heard the ejector fly back and the bolt snap home again. And then I saw him!

The sniper was well up in a tree, and he was almost invisible, so well was a screen of branches drawn up around him. His rifle was fitted up in a tripod, and the legs of this tripod were nailed to the branches of the tree. All he had to do was to sit there and pull the trigger. I eased back the bolt of my rifle so as to make no noise, and I eased it home again. The lieutenant drew his revolver, and we took a steady aim together.

"Fire," he said softly, and the two shots rang out as one. Mr. Sniper came down like a thousand bricks.

I climbed the tree to have a look at his nest, and it certainly was ingenious. That rifle was fixed dead across the center of the bridge, so all he had to do was to pull the trigger when he heard anything strike the wooden planking of the bridge. It was a pretty little scheme, but it came to an end as all things, good or bad, must.

Other traps such as this were all too common along this road, but eventually we cleared the most of them out. Many of the snipers would wear civilian clothes, some would be wearing the British uniform, and some would have the nerve to use their own uniforms.

We captured a few of these beauties alive. Their admissions were almost unbelievable. They confessed to having patrolled the road every night and actually greeted any of our chaps they chanced to pass. They knew the names of most of the regiments in that vicinity, and some of them even knew the nicknames our fellows had for their officers. It is a job that requires heaps of nerve, but it is a dirty, despicable game.

A German sniper was killed one night, and the fellows who brought him down decided to play a joke on an Irishman in their regiment. They took the body of the sniper and carried it about a hundred yards off the road, where they propped it up against a tree and also fixed a rifle to its shoulder. Then they went in search of the Irishman. When they found him they told him that he had been ordered to go up the road and hunt for a sniper who was potting at the passing traffic.

The Irishman took his rifle and went out in search of the German. Of course he found him, for he couldn't have passed without seeing the trap which had been laid for him. The minute he caught sight of the gray uniform he dropped behind a bale of hay which was lying on the side of the road and started firing at the supposed sniper. The fellows who had sent him up there came along and without being observed by the object of their joke proceeded to enjoy the fun. The Irishman couldn't understand how it was possible for him to miss his mark at such a short range, and at each shot he was swearing at his luck. Finally he hit the body so many times it fell over, and it was not until then that he realized how he had been fooled.

CHAPTER IV

The Boy Sniper.

ANOTHER sniping incident was the case of a Belgian boy only fourteen years old. On a road which was much used for transport we noticed that nearly every night some of our officers would be shot. Some went on for some time, and no one could explain it. One day one of our fellows brought in this kid and said that he had found him with a German rifle and ammunition in his possession.

The boy was cross examined and finally admitted that it was he who had been shooting officers on the Ouderdom road. He said that he had been furnished with the rifle and told where he got his ammunition every day. He said he had instructions not to shoot any officers with red on their uniform, staff officers. Now, why he should have received such an order as this was a mystery to me.

He said that he had been at it for two weeks, and during that time he had bagged sixteen officers. He said he received his ammunition from a man who came to the rear and shot at once. We tried to follow up the information he had given as to where he had received his ammunition, but his friends had all gone, so I suppose they had been warned.

At this time, too, we caught an old man, eighty-two years old. In broad daylight he was out with a pair of snipers, cutting off our transport. We caught him as he was coming, and women dressed as men. We caught people flying pigeons from their houses. In fact, we caught them doing almost everything to give information.

We were always trying to make the trenches we had taken over from the French a little more comfortable. We had some wooden crates for the bottom of them, laid a plank on top, and from every old drum we had, brasses, and there in particular were mighty agreeable at night.

The enemy for a couple of miles back of the trenches was deserted. The roads had been leaving so that they were almost as quiet as a running wild, and it was surprising how quiet they got almost as wild as the worst animals.

A pig hunt with fixed bayonets is a

very amusing thing to watch. Get about twenty fellows after a pig and they have their work cut out for them. The pig gives them a good run for their money, but in the end they generally get him, and then comes the march back to camp with the pig held aloft on the ends of several bayonets.

Chicken fishing is great fun, too, but it requires patience. You take a long piece of string and tie a little piece of bread to the end of it. You find a spot where there are chickens about. Scatter some crumbs around and also drop the piece of bread you have on the end of the string. Then you find a convenient tree and sit down with the other end of the string in your hand and wait for the chickens to "bite." When one comes to your piece of bread you begin jerking it nearer to the tree behind which you are hiding. When it



Then I Took Another Look and Saw the Cavalrymen Were Germans.

comes within striking distance you jump as if you were falling on a foot-bail, and if you are lucky you will have chicken for dinner.

I was out one day in a motor with a staff captain and Dave Smith, the heavyweight champion, whom I bumped against during my first days in the army. We had been up to a brigade headquarters and were on return trip. I had taken a shorter way coming back, and it was along a very narrow road. Dave was sitting in the front with me, and the captain was in the bouane. We were bowling along at a fairly good pace, and I had visions of being back in time for dinner.

I noticed a few cavalrymen away ahead of us, but they were so far ahead I didn't pay much attention to them. The first that I knew we were striking anything out of the ordinary was when Dave grabbed my rifle out of the buck et and began firing over the wind shield. Then I took another look and saw the cavalrymen were Germans and there were seven of them.

The road was so narrow that there wasn't a ghost of a chance to turn around, and I figured that if we rushed them we could bluff our way through, whereas if we stopped they would see that they outnumbered us two to one and the chances were we would get the worst of it. I was so excited I was trembling all over, and the captain was shouting orders at the top of his voice.

Dave was the only cool man in the car, and he was sending shot after shot at them as calmly as if he were on a rifle range. He shouted to me: "Go like hell! Crowd 'em off the road!"

When they saw how we were gaining three of them left the road and hit out across country. I thought Dave must have hit the other fellow, for he simply put the spurs to his horse and stuck right to the middle of the road. He didn't attempt to fire at us at all. He was just going for all he was worth.

When I saw this I started after him in earnest, and he didn't have a chance in the world! That car had done seventy-eight miles an hour on her test, and I hardly gave German horses credit for such speed as that. As we got close to him Dave quit firing, for it would have been murder to shoot a man in a trap such as he was in. He kept to the center of the road, though, and he wouldn't give an inch.

I was blowing that old siren for all it was worth, and I opened the curtain to make all the noise I could, trying to scare his horse off the road, and the animal wanted to get out of the way too, but the rider held him in.

At last Dave said: "I'll make him move!" and he sent a bullet so close I'll bet he could have kissed it as I went by. He gave way then all right, and as he did I pulled up alongside a bit. As we came up he pulled a revolver and fired two shots, which hit went over my head. I've learned a lesson and caught him by the belt. He yanked him clear of the saddle and stuck him into the back of the car. He landed on top of the captain, and those two were so mixed up you couldn't tell on from the other.

I stopped the car as quickly as I could, and we soon had him "saying Uncle," though he fought like a wild cat for a few minutes. The captain got the worst of it, for he had a head-shiner and the six of his knuckles. When we searched him we found thirty-three English ten-shilling notes on him. He had taken them from some of our fellows, of course, but what made us mad was that the captain would not allow us to keep them.

He said it would not be honest, but I noticed that when we handed him over

to some French cavalry a little later they didn't bother about taking them, and Dave and I sat in the car and watched them splitting it among themselves. I felt rather sorry for the poor devil, for he said that he and the rest of his platoon had been hiding for five days and five nights and that they didn't know where they were. They had been so desperate and decided to run for it in the open. The others came in and surrendered later in the day.

Supplies are brought across the channel daily. The railway links run straight down to the docks, so the goods are put on the trains as they are taken out of the ships. Each division, corps and army has its own railroad, or, in other words, each one of these units has its own station to which its supplies are delivered. Every unit has its own supply column, which is made up of any number of motor trucks, the total varying according to the strength of the unit. These motor trucks roll up on each side of the train, and the supplies are shifted in a very short space of time. Each motor truck is loaded with only one kind of goods, and as the column leaves the station and all vehicles carrying the same goods are delivered to the same place, so that when they finally move off ten trucks of motor trucks, each carrying a different kind of goods, numbers of truck loads of bread, groceries, clothing, hay and grain, petrol and mechanical supplies. In this way the goods are all dumped together, and they practically form separate little stores for each article.

The "first dump," as it is called, is a place cleared away on the side of the road where the men may deposit the supplies so that it will be convenient for the horse transport to come and get them. Here the goods are unloaded, and the motor column returns to headquarters. After it is dark the horse transport comes down from the trenches, loads its wagons and immediately returns to the trenches, where the supplies are issued to each unit for distribution to the smaller units.

The motors complete their work in an incredibly short time. They have seven or eight miles to carry their loads and in some cases even farther, yet within two or three hours from the time they leave their camps in the morning they are back again, and the army has been provided for another day.

To each motor vehicle three men are assigned. They are known as the first, second and third drivers and are all of them qualified chauffeurs. In case anything happens to the first driver the others are there to take his place. The first driver has the care of the engine and the driving of the truck, while the other two men have the greasing and oiling and cleaning of the vehicle, and they also assist in the loading and unloading of supplies. The motors are inpected daily, and if not in perfect running order they are at once taken care of by the column workshops.

These workshops are very efficient and it is remarkable what thorough work they can turn out. They are each fitted with a lathe, forge, benches, etc., the lathe being run by a small motor cycle engine provided for that purpose. If for any reason the column is unable to repair a motor, that vehicle is sent to one of the bases where there are stationary workshops, and a new truck is sent back to replace it. The mechanics in these workshops are all trained men and are obliged to pass severe tests before being accepted for the work.

Many of them are men who have worked on the building of cars in the factories in England, and in cases like this they are allowed to specialize on the cars they are familiar with. The only other mechanics who can claim to be their superiors are those of the Royal Flying corps, and they are absolutely the cream of the mechanical world and are one of the highest paid bodies of men in the British army.

Another branch of the mechanical transport which is very much up to



The Horse Transport Comes Down From the Trenches.

date is the department of stores and accessories. The men in this department are not necessarily trained men, but they must be good managers, as they keep in stock all spare parts which are likely to be called for. Besides this, they have charge of the petrol oil, grease, carbide, tires for light cars and, in fact, everything that is likely to be used on an automobile. The petrol is all sent from England in two gallon tins. These tins are sealed when they are filled and if a seal is

broken when a tin of petrol is issued to a driver, or if it appears to have been opened he may refuse it and demand one with the seal intact. In this way the chance of receiving defective or impure petrol is avoided.

There are practically all known makes of motor trucks and cars at the front, as many of them were commandeered at the beginning of the war. Then again, all the motor manufacturers in England are working day and night to keep the armies supplied with these vehicles. There are also a good many American makes in use there.

The work of the chaplains at the front is not spoken of very much, yet they work as hard and do as much good as any men in any other branch of the service. They are usually attached to the royal army medical corps. I have seen a chaplain holding service in a field on a Sunday morning, and during the service the enemy commenced to shell some huts close by. I firmly believe that if it had not been contrary to orders he would have continued to worship just the same as though nothing was happening.

The royal army medical corps is a tremendous unit, and there, too, will be found some of the bravest men in the army, even though they are non-combatants. Their work is always referred to as the P. A. M. C., and the British "army" speaks of it as the "Red Cross" comrades.

There is a reason for this, of course, and as near as I can make out it is this: When a man is sick or wounded he is obliged to go into hospital all his belongings are taken from him. He is supposed to get them back when he is discharged from hospital, but when one considers the thousands that are taken care of by the hospitals it is only reasonable to believe that a great many of the little bundles are bound to go astray. Tommy cannot see this, however, so he grumbles and growls and often refers to the corps in complimentary terms.

(Continued next week.)

Democratic Ticket.

For Senator in the 4th district
Crittenden, Caldwell and Webster counties.—C. S. Nunn, of Marion.

For Representative of Crittenden and Livingston districts,—Duron Koon, of Dycusburg.

For County Attorney—Trice Bennett, of Marion

For Sheriff—John H. Nimmo.

For Jailer—Chas. W. Love.

Republican Ticket.

For Senator in the 4th district
Crittenden, Caldwell and Webster Counties.—W. J. Deboe of Marion.

For Representative of Crittenden and Livingston district—W. F. Paris, of Lola.

For County Judge—Robert L. Moore.

For Sheriff—V. O. Chandler.

For County Court Clerk—L. E. Guess.

For County Attorney—John A. Moore.

For Superintendent—James L. F. Paris.

For Jailer W. E. Belt.

PERUNA
Household
Helper

Peruna eases the burden of the housekeeper by keeping away the danger of illness resulting from colds, coughs, and indigestion due to catarrhal condition. It speedily relieves and overcomes these.

Its tonic properties build up the strength of the physically weak and run down, and its use in convalescence, especially after grip, is remarkably beneficial.

KEEP IT ON HAND

The wise housekeeper has Peruna on hand for instant use even if catarrhal troubles do not call for its regular administration. A dose or two is time often prevents a long illness.

Liquid or tablet form.

Manila Tablets are a splendid laxative for home use.

Ask the druggist

THE PERUNA COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio



E. L. Harpending, Notary Public

Miss Catherine Dixon, of Henderson, is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. W. M. Nunn.

Miss Nell Dulin, of Madisonville, arrived Sunday to attend the Clement-Van Pelt wedding.

Buy your coal from Maurie Nunn, the coal man.

T. H. Cochran will leave today for Hopkinsville to attend the Conference of the M. E. church South.

FOR SALE:—A four room house on North Walker street.
Nelle Walker.

Mrs. R. L. Hardy and daughters, "Baby" and Gladys, Orville Threlkeld and sister, Zula, spent Sunday with relatives at Mexico.

Mrs. Nannie Cochran is recuperating from a serious illness and her friends hope to see her up and about as usual.

Coatsuits and Cloaks. Bargains at Lottie Tinsley Terry's.

Mrs. R. W. Wilson is gradually recovering from the ill effects of the hay fever with which she suffers each fall.

Brack Threlkeld and family, of Bayou, passed through the city Sunday en route to Mexico to visit relatives.

For the newest things in millinery see Moore and Pickens.

Mrs. Sam Gugenheim, of Marion, came Thursday to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Williams, for several days.—Providence Enterprise.

The Presbytery of Princeton of the Presbyterian church will meet next Tuesday night at Chapel Hill.

If you have pictures you want enlarged see or write U. G. Hughes.

Mr. and Mrs. Eblin, of Hawesville, were week-end guests of Mrs. Pearl McAdams and her interesting family.

Hats, new and nifty at sale price at Lottie Tinsley Terry's.

G. B. Johnson, of Marion was here Tuesday to erect a monument at the grave of J. T. Given on Big Hill cemetery.—Providence Enterprise.

Mrs. S. M. Shaver, of Dallas, Texas, will leave Monday for her home in the far southwest, after spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Cannan.

WANTED—Hickory and Oak logs.
Gilchrist & Wheeler.

Mesdames Sam Howerton, Gu Bentley and John Rice, of Fredonia, attended the Van Clev-Clement wedding Wednesday morning.

Rev. James F. Price is assisting Rev. R. E. Reeves in a meeting at Gaston, Ky. They are having large crowds and fine interest.

A man to help you load at Maurie Nunn's coal yard.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Threlkeld returned last week from a visit to the State Fair and Fort Benjamin Harrison where their son Hayden has joined the Ambulance Corps.

Rev. Crow, of Tolu circuit; Rev. Henry, of the Shady Grove circuit; and Rev. H. R. Short, of this city, left Tuesday for Hopkinsville to attend the Conference of the M. E. church south.

A protracted meeting will begin at the First Presbyterian church on Sunday Nov. 4th. The pastor will be assisted by Rev. E. E. Smith of Owensboro Ky.

FINE JERSEY COW SALE!

ON MAIN STREET, MARION, KY.

Monday, Oct. 8th, 1917

AT 1 P. M.

The Crittenden County Calf Club Boys will offer at Public Auction 47 head of pure bred Jersey heifers, including their heifer calves. All but three have calved since April.

These heifers were selected by competent men for the two Banks of Marion to be used in this Calf Club. All over the purchase price to go to the boy.

They were selected from 500 head of cattle in Shelby, Spencer, Oldham and Jefferson counties. This is a chance to get what you want for family or dairy purposes. They will show for themselves on the day of sale.

They will be shown in the morning, at which time over \$200.00 in cash prizes will be given, and sold in the afternoon--Oct. 8th., at 1 p. m.

CRITTENDEN COUNTY COMMERCIAL CLUB.

For coal that is free from slack, see Maurie Nunn, the coal man.

Mrs. C. R. Newcom of Owensboro is the guest of Mayor Frank Dodge and Mrs. Dodge on Depot street.

Come and look at the line of Shirts, Silk Skirts, Silk Dresses, Serge Dresses and all kinds of Gingham dresses at Lottie Tinsley Terry's.

Rev. W. B. Yates has returned from the Rocky Mountains, where he assisted in some great revivals during the past month.

Go to George W. Stone for your glasses in rims or rimless, any kind you want. His low prices will surprise you. Office hours 8 to 12 and 1 to 5 on Mondays and Saturdays. Other weekdays in the afternoon only. Office lower floor of Press Bldg.

U. G. Hughes wants to enlarge your pictures, see or write him.

See U. G. Hughes for picture enlarging.

Judge James A. Moore, who accompanied his grandson, Herbert Moore, to Norman, Okla., where he entered State University, has returned home.

Miss Mendoza Thomas has returned home after a visit to Elzie Thomas, a brother, at Eldorado, Ill.—Providence Enterprise.

For the best coal in town, see Maurie Nunn, the coal man.

Mrs. G. M. Eady and her two children, of Louisville, are the guests of her parents, sister and brother here for a few weeks' stay.

Mrs. Sallie Cardin, venerable relict of the late Wm. H. Cardin, fell at home in her room and broke her hip last Monday. Considering her age the injury is quite serious, but she may recover the use of her limb.

Lots of good room. Have five different places to load from. You won't have to wait, if you come to see Maurie Nunn, the coal man.

Mrs. W. I. Cruce, of Ardmore, Okla., arrived this week to visit her brother, J. I. Clement, and to attend the marriage of her niece, Miss Marian Clement.

Among those who attended the funeral and burial of Rev. W. H. Wallace, at McKenzie, Tenn., were Walter McConnell, Blanton Wiggins, John Nimmo, Emmett Clifton and Ernest Carnahan.

Manning Towery, a son of Judge Aaron Towery, of Crittenden county, who has been living in Michigan several years, was here Saturday to visit his sister, Mrs. Duffy D. Brantley. Mr. Towery is traveling salesman for a bank supply firm at Benton Harbor, Mich.—Providence Enterprise.

Marion Bank Pays The Tax Under The New Tax Law.

We will soon have the first assessment under our new tax law. There are many features of this new law of vital interest to the tax payers of Crittenden County. For the present we have to do only with that feature which imposes a tax upon all deposits in our bank. The tax on deposits in banks, trust companies and combined banks and trust companies is at the rate of one-tenth of one per cent.—10 cents on the \$100.00—one dollar on the thousand. This is for state purposes only. There are no county, city, school or other taxes to be imposed upon this deposit. The rate of taxation upon cash and notes in hand if you list it with the assessor is forty cents on the hundred dollars, or four dollars on the thousand. The very lowest rate assessed is upon bank deposits if given in by your bank and paid by your bank for you.

The law further provides that this tax shall be paid by the bank as agent for the depositor on or before the first of December of each year. Persons, firms or corporations of this county should not list their bank deposit for taxation. It is cheaper to let the money stay on deposit and be given in by your bank; the bank assesses its total deposits and is not required to report individual names or firms.

We hereby notify depositors of this bank that we will pay the tax.

Marion Bank by T. J. Yandell Cashier.

Mrs. Laura Howerton has been quite ill for several weeks but is recuperating slowly at present and her friends hope she will soon be up and about.

L. E. Crider has purchased the residence of Dr. J. D. Threlkeld and will occupy it between now and new years, or as soon as Dr. Threlkeld vacates. This is a splendid home and we congratulate Mr. Crider.

Foster & Tucker is the style of the new firm, succeeding Able & Foster. Mr. Able having sold out all his interest to W. O. Tucker last week. Mr. Able has gone to his old home at Smithland, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bland, Miss Mary Clements and Agnes Rathman left in Mr. Bland's car Monday for an extended auto trip through Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan.—Uniontown Telegram.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Orme and Mrs. Clara Carnahan returned Sunday from an automobile trip through Indiana and Ohio, embracing a visit to Cleveland, Ohio, where Mr. Orme attended the Druggists' association of the U. S.

Mrs. M. E. Croft and daughter, Miss Ruth, left Tuesday for the Great Lakes, where they will remain until after frost. Mrs. Croft is a great sufferer from asthma and hay fever, and hopes to find relief in the north.

FOR SALE:—A one-horse buggy, in good repair.

R. W. Barnes.

D. N. Kemp was in from Missouri last week and bought the Joel A. C. Pickens place from Louis Horning and will move to it. It is situated on the Flynn's Ferry road just north of Tribune and is in good neighborhood. Mr. Horning talks of going to Illinois.

Jamie Moore and his bride, who was Miss Margaret Whittinghill, of Madisonville, Ky., who have been the guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lacy Moore, near Crittenden Springs, left yesterday for Birmingham, Ala., where Mr. Moore has secured a lucrative position.

Marion Ford, well known Crittenden county farmer, was in the city Saturday and reported that disease has killed a number of cattle in his vicinity and that he himself lost two fine steers last week. The disease is called "bloat" and the victims succumb in twenty-four hours after the attack.—Providence Enterprise.

Prof. A. M. Leeper, of the Kentucky State Normal school at Bowling Green, is the principal speaker in this county this week on Patriotism. Mrs. J. D. Hayes will represent the Suffragettes.

Mrs. Lena Quaid and her little daughter who spent the summer at the "Old Kentucky Home," with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Duval near Repton left Tuesday for their home in Tishamingo, Okla.

Mrs. C. S. Nunn went to Louisville last week with little Miss Anna Belle White who was to be met there by her aunt who will take her to her home in Covington with the hope of benefiting her health, as well as relieving her mother who is too ill to care for the little one.

Rev. T. C. Newman the pastor assisted by Rev. O. D. Spence, held a very successful meeting at Providence last week. C. M. Carriett conducted the singing most acceptably. There were 8 conversions and 5 addition to the church.

George C. Johnson, of the Crooked Creek vicinity, brought in some marvelous peaches of the old Brantley variety. Three of them measured 10 inches and more in circumference, and of a delicious flavor. No county could excell old Crittenden on fruit if our people would only give it attention.

There can be no peace made in Germany.

Waste in the kitchen means a short bank account.

A pacifist might be described as a denatured patriot.

It's a wise Chinaman that knows who rules his country.

A just and lasting peace will come high, but we must have it.

Seeing periscopes has supplanted the summer sea serpent phantasy.

A regiment's war strength is that of the men who come forward to enlist in it.

If the price of clothes is a bit high try a suit of khaki furnished free by Uncle Sam.

Food is now the principal topic, both in Washington and Berlin. But oh, what a difference!

"Cantaloupes From Patch to Consumer," is the way they used to taste best in boyhood days.

It takes so many kinds of people to make a world that any kind of preacher can find a congregation.

This is a sad war for the American mule. It finds even him unequal to the transportation demands.

The scarcity of soap in Germany is one of the hardest things war has brought for the hausfrau to endure.

Let us forget the wonderful crops the farmers are producing will do little good unless they get into the kitchens.

The number of coins minted increased from 154,523,524 in 1915 to 406,500,792 in 1916. Had you noticed it?

One of the most unpatriotic things we now have to contend with is a rag song with a medley chorus of patriotic tunes.

The first thing to do is to bring it home to the German spies in this country that we are taking this war and them seriously.

Our idea of a well-posted man is the citizen who can tell offhand what form of government prevails at the moment in China.

The American schoolboy is patriotically ready to do his bit by going barefooted and thus conserving the supply of shoes and stockings.

Brazil is going to spend \$20,000,000 in armament and war material. Perhaps Brazil expects to get into one little skirmish some time.

Dining car on eastern railroads are going to serve smaller portions of food and charge two prices, but we wouldn't call that an innovation.

There is, however, nothing exciting about the news that men's garments, on account of a scarcity of woolen cloth, are to be made skimpy.

Shutting off that supply of American foodstuffs, which have been reaching Germany in devious ways, is likely to have an effect, too.

Some people tell time by the sun; others trust to their watches, while a great many know the hour by the time the movies open and close.

There are times when big brother goes for two or three hours without making little brother cry, but he makes up for it when mother has a caller.

"Somewhere in France" is vague, but wherever that may be the American people know that their men are giving a brave account of themselves.

We suppose some men prefer working at a soda fountain at \$7 a week to laying brick at \$8 a day because the soda fountain is not so hard on the complexion.

Djennal Pasha says he will not let the American, English, French and Russian schools in Syria and Palestine open after the war. Pshaw, isn't that going to be too bad?

Patriotic and fashionable Paris has discovered that the fur of rats makes effective trimming on garments. Perhaps we had better retain our cats, for follow Paris we must!

The English "get" American slang much more easily and quickly now. The London Express explains that "Can the Kaiser" means to hermetically seal the German ruler to prevent activity.

The spectacle of a detachment of American soldiers celebrating Independence day in Paris is only less epochal than the spectacle of said soldiers celebrating said day a year later in Berlin.

This American embargo on exports must make Germany feel like the man who dropped his meal ticket, which then was stepped on by a rude person in hobnailed boots which punched every figure on it.

Heaven save us! The French call him Monsieur le Generale Peurchine. What will the bacon and greens eaters of old Mizzoarah say when they see old Black Jack's moniker rigged up in that kind of shape?



Always Welcome
"You little rascal—played along the way, didn't you? Kept grandma waiting! Oh well, it's all right. Because"

CALUMET
BAKING POWDER

is always right. It's worth waiting for. Always welcome. Never shirks its work. Never fails. Never wastes minutes or materials and I know it's pure and wholesome, as Calumet contains only such ingredients as have been approved officially by the U. S. Food Authorities.

You save when you buy it—you save when you use it.

HIGHEST Quality Awards

FRANCES
(delayed from last week.)

The protracted meeting began at this place Sunday night.

Ernest Horning and family sister, Vigil Mathe's, visited Mrs. Ed Clark, of near Repton, Saturday night and Sunday.

Coy Hill and Oliver Binkley, of near Marion, were in this section Sunday.

Born Sept. 5th, to Shelley Matthews and wife, a boy, and a Christen Sh-le, Wendell.

Miss Pearl Teer is visiting Mrs. Vada Teer this week.

Will Miliken has sold his farm to Hube Childers and Mr. Mil-

can will move to Frances where he has purchased property.

Miss Claydie Pogue is visiting her grandparents this week.

Miss Dora Fletcher, of near Salem, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Dobbs.

Jim Dobbs and family have moved to Frances and Homer Cash has moved to the house vacated by Mr. Dobbs.

Mrs. Kittie Simpkins and daughter, Pearl, were in Fredonia shopping one day last week.

Miss Cordie Sigler, of near Marion, is visiting Shelley Matthews and family this week.

School has been dismissed this

C. A. Adams

MARION

Sells the Champion Cream Saver

THE NEW DE LAVAL

ALMOST any separator will do fairly good work when it is brand new, perfectly adjusted and skimming warm milk from freshened cows.

But a separator can't always be new, cows can't always be fresh, nor can you always separate your milk while it is at 85 or 90 degrees. In other words, your separating is done under practical conditions, and the sensible thing to do is to get a practical separator.

The NEW De Laval is the most practical separator you can buy

because it is the only separator that you can depend upon to skim clean under any and all conditions of milk and temperature, and to deliver cream of uniform thickness.

If you want to own a separator that will do its work better than any other, and do it without constant tinkering and adjustment, then the NEW De Laval is the machine to buy.

While this statement has always been true of De Laval machines, it is true today to an even greater degree than ever before because of the many improvements in the NEW De Laval.

The new self-centering bowl which gives the machine greater capacity and skimming efficiency, the De Laval bell speed-indicator, which alone would be worth many dollars a year to a cow owner, the improved automatic oiling system and the many other improvements found in no other make of machine, make the NEW De Laval by far the most satisfactory separator to operate and the most profitable to own.

You can buy a NEW De Laval from us on liberal terms. Come in and examine the machine and talk it over.



week on account of the meeting.

Meslames Anna Teer and May Perkins were in Fredonia Monday.

Ray Horning visited his patients near Marion Sunday.

Brewer's Son Indicted

Draft Perjury Alleged.

Philadelphia, Sept. 26.—Jacob B. Beatz, son of a wealthy brewer, was indicted by the federal grand jury for making false statements in his claim for exemption from army duty.

It became known Beatz swore he was the sole support of his wife and two children and that he had no other income beyond that derived from his labor.

It developed that he has been receiving \$20,000 yearly from the brewing company of J. P. Beatz.

Coal Shortage Makes Interurban System at Lexington Halt

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 26.—Car service on all of the interurban lines of the Kentucky Traction and Terminal company was suspended Monday morning from 8 until 10:30 o'clock, although it was not known at 8 o'clock just when traffic would be resumed.

The first notice was posted at 8 o'clock, by order of General Manager S. H. Daily, announcing that the interurban service had been discontinued until further notice, and a similar notification was sent to the company's agents in all of the adjacent cities and towns affected by the discontinuance of the service so that the traveling public could be advised and not be subjected to unnecessary inconvenience.

The cause given for the suspension of the interurban service by the traction management was a shortage of coal necessary to operate the company's mammoth power plant in this city.

WHAT IS LAX-FO

LAX-FO IS AN IMPROVED CASCARA A DIGESTIVE LAXATIVE

CATHARTIC AND LIVER TONIC

LAX-FO is not a secret or patent medicine but is composed of the following: CASCARA BARK, BLUE FLAG ROOT, RHUBARB ROOT, BLACK ROOT, MAY APPLE ROOT, SENNA LEAVES AND PEPSIN.

In LAX-FO the CASCARA is improved by the addition of these digestive ingredients making it better than ordinary CASCARA, and thus the combination acts not only as a stimulating laxative and cathartic but also as a digestive and liver tonic. Syrup laxatives are weak, but LAX-FO combines strength with palatable, aromatic taste and does not gripe or disturb the stomach. One bottle will prove LAX-FO is invaluable for Constipation, Indigestion or Torpid Liver. Price 50c.

Letter From Billy Joel Hill.

Mr. Editor:

I want every S. S. in Crittenden county to appoint some one in their Sunday school as treasurer and the Sunday school people to do what they are going to do. Everybody is invited to help us get this rock. You can give any amount you want to. Let's do what we are going to do.

I have too much work on hands to stay with one thing long. Time is worth too much.

W. J. Hill.

J. J. Smith \$1.00
Tom Kemp .10
Sidney McNeely .25

Intern German Editor Of St. Paul Till War Ends.

Fort Snelling, Minn., Sept. 26.—Orders were received today from Washington for the transfer of Fritz Bergmeier, editor of the St. Paul Daily Volks Zeitung, to Fort McPherson, Cal., for internment during the war.

Bergmeier was arrested because of certain editorials which appeared in his publication.

BRITAIN REVEALS ITS AIR SECRETS

America Given Results of Experiments Conducted on for Several Years.

BIG FLEET PLAN OPPOSED

Turning Out of 30,000 Craft Deemed Unwise, in View of Continual Changes Made Necessary by War Experience.

London.—If the United States produces airplanes on a large scale and they prove successful in the fighting on the western front it will be due in no small measure to the great aid rendered America by the British government in aeronautics.

Britain is today supplying American aircraft factories with concrete results developed by experiments carried on for several years, a few of which are outlined in a recent report by the advisory committee for aeronautics.

The work of the advisory committee has grown to such an extent in the last year that subcommittees have been appointed for special work along certain lines. One subcommittee is experimenting on internal combustion engines, while another is dealing exclusively with light alloys. As a result of experience gained in actual warfare changes are made in construction almost daily, and it is this fact that makes the plans of the United States for the immediate construction of 30,000 airplanes seem inadvisable.

Perhaps the greatest advance in airplane construction has come through the work of the committee on aerodynamics, which has tested models of every type of aircraft now employed. Important tests have been made of various shapes to discover which offered the least resistance and which best distributed air pressure.

Airship Stability.

Along this line a vast amount of experimental work has been carried out along the theory of airship stability. A complete series of tests have been completed relating to air propellers with a view to increasing the accuracy of prediction of performance, thus facilitating the design of propellers for special types of aircraft.

Extreme care has been devoted to the study of design to secure adequate strength in high-speed fighting machines. These machines which the United States already is at work upon require high power, while the weight must be kept to the minimum, and the best compromise between these two opposed conditions does not admit of precise determination. Special attention has been paid to the manner in which strength varies with dimensions. Machines have been placed upon test tables which allow of accurate observations of the effects of vibration. Every wire, brace and stay has been put to severe tests.

The use of light alloys has become of paramount importance, and the improvements made in the last year along this line are going to have tremendous effect on future development. The national physical laboratory has been conducting experiments in light alloys for many years, and during the last two or three months results of special interest have been achieved. To carry out the manufacture of the newest type metal the subcommittee on light alloys hopes to co-ordinate the work being done in various centers and of placing the information gained by experimental work at the disposal of manufacturers.

Fabrics and Varnishes.

This information, in part, has been sent to the United States and will take its big share in the final achievement of tremendous output.

Collaborating with the military air department, the advisory committee for aeronautics has taken up several questions dealing with the use of fabrics and varnishes and protective coatings. These materials have been tested for use in the tropics and for use in the cold high altitudes and in the winter months on the western front. Conclusions of importance have been reached in this line and changes have been made in the materials and coatings for wings with regard to the changes worked by sunlight, rain and other atmospheric conditions.

Aviation schools have aided greatly in the work of perfecting bombs to be carried by airplanes and the same schools have also supplied valuable information regarding the use of aerial instruments and the effect of altitude on them. Two new types of bombsights have been tested and a new form standardized. Lastly, the advisory committee reports that establishment of stations in the proper areas to report upon the development and procedure of thunderstorms. They are traced across the map and reported to the affected districts.

Hair in Form of Cross.

Petersburg, Ind.—Lester Battle is going to leave his hat at home for a while. After much study Lester decided on what he thought would be the best scheme to show his enthusiasm for the Red Cross. He went to a barber shop and whispered a few words to the barber. Then the barber got busy. When Lester left the shop his hair was cut closely—except for a spot on the back of his head, where the hair was left in the form of a cross.

CHARITIES AND THE WAR.

The war will not decrease the need for ordinary charitable effort. It may, indeed, increase it. And that increase will be met by corresponding generosity on the part of men and women who have recognized their duty in this respect in the past as well as from the purses of those whose sense of responsibility is awakened for the first time by the necessities of the conflict on which we have entered. The habit of giving once formed is capable of astonishing expansion, says New York Sun.

No man, rich or poor, realizes the ease with which his contributions to good works can be made larger until it is demonstrated to him that the call is imperative. Marvels of charity are performed by persons themselves apparently in abject poverty. The well-to-do always find more to contribute than is their practice, and the rich will further their gifts in proportion. From the will to help that today animates the nation we may confidently look for a wonderful quickening of charitable impulse. It will open wider pockets already accessible to worthy appeals; it will unstrap wallets that have been tight wrapped by carelessness or ignorance; and from them will come a flow of gold sufficient to maintain all the human edifices and services philanthropy has built to lighten the burdens of the unfortunate.

Analysis of a year's fires in New York state brings out figures rather uncomplimentary to the owners of the damaged property, says the Scientific American Supplement. Out of a total loss of some \$20,000,000 no less than 21.7 per cent is found to fall under causes wholly preventable, while 40.5 per cent is attributed to unknown causes. Among the strictly preventable causes we find all manner of faults which may be classified as bad construction, bad installation and bad practice. Defective chimneys, improperly exposed steam pipes, hot ashes or coals, are merely a few of many examples which might be given of the items which constitute the cause of an annual loss of \$4,358,618.

Eminent Frenchmen estimate that Germany will be able to pay for this war at the rate of \$3,200,000,000 a year. At the end of some scores of years the financial debt of Germany might be wiped out by such payments, but the countries will not avail to pay the world for the other losses occasioned by the war, says Houston Post. And the heartaches and the tears and the suffering of women and children—there is no recompense for these! Prussian militarism will owe the world so long as the world shall endure—a debt that never can be paid.

An item of current news, issued from Washington, gives some statistical information gathered by the census bureau, wherein the park area possessed by the larger cities of the country is set forth. According to this New York leads in extent of pleasure grounds, having 7,713 acres, and Philadelphia comes next with 5,500 acres, followed by Los Angeles, Chicago, Denver, Washington, etc.

Since three entente missions have passed safely through the submarine zone, as well as an American flotilla and an American general and his staff, it begins to look a little as if from the standpoint of humanity Von Tirpitz's scheme is a highly successful failure.

The boy emperor of China, it is reported, has issued an order permitting the wearing of the queue. Is this reactionary? The wearing of a queue was good form in the United States in George Washington's time, but that was more than a century ago.

Curiosity may also be defined as a form of eager and impertinent concern on the part of people who, when they find that a lie is out somewhere, are never satisfied until they locate it and tag the fellow who told it.

China's revived monarchy foretold its own fate when it proposed to restore obsolete absurdities. For instance, what nation in the new alignment could live down the resuscitated handicap of a queue?

Now that the government has announced that the supply of cans is once more ample it looks as if it ought to be able to do some of them on certain kinds of politicians.

Japan is watching the trouble in China with the sympathetic air of a philosophical cat unsparring a battle between two enraged canaries.

Give him a hen and a hoe and a plat of ground and the war gardener will pledge himself to reduce the cost of living.

One puzzled old timer demands to know how, if Scotch kilts are adopted a man is going to strike a match.

The problem of the day is, shall we eat our food now, or can it, and eat it later?

MAYR'S Wonderful Remedy FOR STOMACH TROUBLE

One Dose Convinces

Haynes & Taylor

and other reliable druggists

Five German Newspaper Men Are Indicted.

Philadelphia, Sept. 26.—The five men arrested in connection with the raid by the government on the Tageblatt, a German language daily newspaper published in this city, were yesterday indicted by the Federal grand jury. The men are Pete Schaefer, president; Louis Werner, editor in chief; Dr. Martin Darkow, managing editor; Herman Lemke, business manager, and Paul Vogel, treasurer. They will be tried for conspiring to print false reports in violation of the espionage law.

A MOTHER'S GRATITUDE

Many a Mother in Marion Will Appreciate the Following

Many a strong man and many a healthy woman have much for which to thank mother. These were taken during their childhood brought them past the danger point and made them healthy men and women. Thousands of children are bothered with incontinence of urine, and inability to retain it is often a real handicap. It is not always the children's fault—in many cases the difficulty lies with the kidneys, and can be readily righted. A Marion mother tells how she went about it.

Mrs. G. W. Patterson, Elm & Gum streets, Marion, says: "A member of my family was troubled with a weak condition of the kidneys. This caused considerable distress when suffering with colds, as the kidney secretions come too frequent in passage at these times. I had often heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box at Lyons & Doyle's Drug Store. One box cured the complaint in short order. I can certainly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to any mother who has children suffering from weak kidneys." Price 50 cents at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Patterson recommends. Foster-Milburn Co., Prop., Buffalo, N. Y.

EXAMINE ALL AT ONCE, PLAN

Crowder Puts Proposal Up To Governor, 7,000,000 Would Then Know Status.

Washington, Sept. 26.—If a larger part of the governors of the states approve a suggestion by the provost marshal, an immediate examination of the 7,000,000 registered for military service and not yet called for duty will begin. The suggestion was made with a view to satisfying the great number of young men as to what they may expect.

Telegrams asking opinions on the advisability of such action were sent to all states and it is expected that all replies will be received early next week.

Under the plan considered, candidates would know whether they are to be selected and would make plans accordingly.

WANTED

Someone to build and furnish a store for benefit of Mines Five Mines to furnish in a radius of three mile circle.

At forks of road. Daily mail. Mines Starting New.

I have the Location. Write me at once.

DAVID C. LOVELESS
Salem, Ky.

Hughes Chill Tonic

Palatable
Better than Calomel and Quinine Contains no arsenic
The Old Reliable
Excellent General Tonic

As well as a remedy for chills and fevers, malarial fevers, swamp fevers and bilious fevers. Just what you need at this season.

Mild Laxative, Nervous Sedative, Splendid Tonic

Try it. Don't take any substitute
Druggists 50c and \$1.00 a bottle
Prepared by
Robinson-Pettet Company,
Incorporated,
Louisville, Ky.

Man Who Failed to Register is Caught.

United States Marshal E. H. James was notified today of the arrest of Hubert Alvin Campbell, of Millwood, Ky., at Huron, South Dakota, on the charge of failure to register. District Attorney Miller notified the Sheriff at Huron to hold the prisoner to the November Federal grand jury at Owensboro. If the prisoner does not give bond, the District Attorney said, he will be brought back to Kentucky at once. —Louisville Times.

"Who Will Win This Battle?"

Much of your comfort depends upon knowing that your system will perform its functions properly. Your kidneys are the filters of the body. If they become inactive and fail to eliminate the waste matter, they are apt to throw the whole mechanism of the body out of order, thus toxic poisons can accumulate in the system and be as deadly as snake venom. Besides causing the minor ailments of rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago and backache, neglect of the kidneys is apt to develop into more serious diseases, such as diabetes or stone in the bladder. The body of toxic poisons—clean the bladder and kidneys and cure the rheumatisms of rheumatism with Anuric (double strength). Anuric was first discovered by Dr. Pierce, and has benefited thousands of sufferers as well as appeared and eliminated the ravages of the more serious kidney diseases. Now procurable at any good drug store. If you have rheumatism or kidney trouble, why not try Dr. Pierce's Anuric (double strength) win the battle? HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—"I will say that the Anuric Tablets are the best I ever tried. They relieve any form of kidney trouble quicker than any medicine I have ever used. I took about one-third of the bottle and was greatly benefited. My daughter and son-in-law also were suffering with pain in back so that they could hardly sleep at night, so I gave them the rest and they think they are fine, as they were entirely relieved by what they used. Anuric must be a very efficient remedy as one box helped three people. All Dr. Pierce's Remedies that I have used I have found very satisfactory." —Mrs. Ed. De Fok, 194 4th Ave. RAYMOND, N. CAR.—"It is with great pleasure that I endorse most unreservedly Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets. I suffered with kidney trouble for about ten years. After taking the first box of Anuric I was so much improved that I would not want to be without them. I shall highly recommend them to my friends for they are truly grand." —Mrs. A. D. LEACH.

Three Kentuckians On Ship Attacked By German Submarine.

Princeton, Ky., Sept. 26.—Three Caldwell County men were on an American ship which was attacked by a German submarine while on its way to France. The diver was sunk, it is believed, as wreckage floated on the surface of the water following the encounter. This information reached Princeton today in a letter from Lee Beck, who with Carmen Cartwright and Leo Walker, Caldwell County men, were on the American ship. They now are with the expeditionary forces in France.

SEVEN SPRINGS (delayed from last week.)

Lea Travis went to Paducah last Thursday to consult a specialist in regard to a cancer on his face. He was treated and returned home greatly benefited.

Julius McKinney was in Marion last week.

Bob Stubblefield and family, John Polk, Rev. J. C. Kinsolving, wife and daughter, Miss Luda, and several others of Emmaus, attended services here Sunday.

J. H. Nimmo, the Watkins man, of Marion, was here supplying his many customers with his nice extracts in that line, last week.

Since our last communication to Record-Press, there has been three arrivals in this precinct. A girl, at the home of Jim Guess; a boy at the home of Gus Boazman, and a girl at the home of Fred Bandy.

Forest Kinsolving, formerly of Emmaus but who has been in the western states for the past four years, is here on a visit to his father, J. C. Kinsolving, of near Emmaus. He attended services here Sunday and his many friends were indeed glad to see him again. Much happiness and success wherever he pitches his lot in this life.

Willie Campbell and sisters, Misses Iva and Ina, were in Paducah Saturday.

Mrs. Sarah McClure, of Pinckneyville section, was the guest of Gus Boazman and family Saturday night and Sunday.

Misses Ialene and Lucy Patton visited their grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Patton, Saturday night and Sunday.

Nathan Ward, wife and son, of near Elm Grove, visited Mrs. Ward's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Campbell, Sunday and attended services here.

Mrs. Wallie Bennett, of Dycusburg, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ross Guess, this week.

The revival meeting will commence at this place on Monday night after the first Sunday in October. The meeting will be conducted by the pastor.

Dr. Gilchrist



Instruments for examining conditions inside as well as outside of the eye. Glasses scientifically fitted. Prices reasonable. Office: Paris Bldg., Marion, Ky. Below Farmers Bank.

A Good Man. Put an end once for all to this discussion of what a good man should be and be one.—Marcus Aurelius.

L. F. WATERS

Veterinarian

Office at Sisco's Livery Stable

Phone 289

Prepare now and immunize your herd against black-leg and hemorrhagic septicemia in cattle; White Scours in calves; Navel ill in colts; Cholera in hogs; Also see me about White diarrhea in young chicks; Bowel ailments and blackhead in turkeys

How to Know, Prevent and Cure Quickly

DOLLARS AND CENTS IN ENGLAND.

Here is a little rainbow of promise for the schoolboy of the not far distant future. If measures now pending before parliament finally come to be made into law pupils in arithmetic will not be forced to cudgel their brains over the awkward and unfamiliar "£-s-d" of English money, for that system will be superseded by the simpler and more rational decimal plan known to Americans. Instead of "dollar" the unit will be called "florin," but it will consist of 100 cents. Five-florin pieces will circulate instead of the sovereign, with ten-florin pieces to match our "eagle," while half and quarter florins will lead the way down to dimes, nickels and cent-pieces. A commission has reported in favor of the change and the question is dividing attention with the war and Ireland for public debate, says Omaha Bee. One of the strongest arguments against the move is that it will upset the present system of accounting and one objector calls attention to the fact that all the adding machines in use will have to be rebuilt. If the war has jolted John Bull out of his adhesion to the antiquated monetary system, to which he has clung so persistently we may look for the readjustment of almost any of the ancient and honorable British institutions. However, the measure is not yet a law.

The May fire loss in the United States and Canada amounted to \$24,900,800, which is ten millions more than the May fire loss a year ago and thirteen and a half millions more than in May fire loss in 1915. This year's aggregate so far is ominously large—\$129,108,455, compared with \$113,528,920 for the first five months of last year and \$81,497,050 for the corresponding period of the year before. This year's May fire loss was swelled by a conflagration—the calamity at Atlanta—but that accounts for only five millions, so that even if it were out of the reckoning May, 1917, would figure as a bad month for fires.

The report of the World's Pathological congress that "green peas are dangerous in the extreme, especially to women, whom they make frivolous, capricious, and reckless," is worthy of just as much respect as the declaration by the same congress that potatoes should be eaten by judges and editors, as they develop great mental balance and calmness of reflection, while carrots cure bad tempers, and a persistent eating of them will cure jealousy, melancholy, feelings of wrath, and revenge.

It is one of the paradoxes of war that the men who do the fighting and the killing have less hate than those who stay at home and do the talking. The fighting man realizes that the fellows in the trenches over against him are the same sort of humans as himself; and that they are fighting for the same reason that he is, in the belief that it is a patriotic duty to fight.

As for a field name for our soldiers in Europe, if "Sammy" does not stick "Johnnie Yank" might do. In the Civil war the Northern soldier was "Yank" to the Southerners, and the Southerner was "Johnnie Reb" to the Northerner. A combination would signify the unity that now exists.

A Berlin military critic says that the British fighting on the front is serious. Even this mild way of putting it is a great admission for the Germans who are beginning to stop talk of the invincibility of their lines and the glorious victories of their troops.

The German press is charged with deliberately falsifying reports and boasting of mythical successes, but it should be commended for its moderation in not stating to the general population that the crown prince has established his headquarters in Paris.

The privations caused by the war are on the increase. The price of diamonds is about to go up, and with the engagement ring shedding much of its gorgeousness there will be a rift in love's young dream.

The cable says the slogan of Pershing's soldiers is, "Can the Kaiser." That's the stuff, boys, but don't omit the first essential, which is to catch him.

The circulation of money per capita is now \$45.83, but it's circulating so fast that it's hard to grab any of it unless you are mighty quick. When the cruel war is over the old fashioned sea serpent and the giant gooseberry will again ask for midsummer recognition.

Very likely a good many pacifists make their wives sleep on the front side of the bed.

This is surely warfare a la mode when our army in France is given an ice plant.

PARTIAL LIST OF MEN SELECTED FOR MILITARY SERVICE

Local Board For Crittenden County, Marion, Ky., Reported by District Board For Exemption Board Division No. 2, Western District, Madisonville, Kentucky

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO REGISTRANTS.

This list, from its date of posting at the office of the Local Board, constitutes notice to those whose names are listed hereon, that they have been selected for military service, and charge them with an obligation to watch the bulletin board of the Local Board at a date to be specified in a later notice to be posted at that office.

DATE OF POSTING THIS NOTICE

AT OFFICE OF THIS LOCAL BOARD

September 19th, 1917.

Date of posting verified and certified correct.

D. E. GILLILAND, Chairman.

L. E. GUESS, Secretary.

Office of District Board For Exemption Board, Division No. 2, Western District Madisonville, Ky., September 17, 1917.

The following list of men, called for military service by the Local Board for county of Crittenden, Marion, Ky., have been duly passed upon by the proper Local and District Board and are hereby certified as selected for military service and not exempted or discharged.

13 Koon, Duran

536 Dycusburg, Ky.

WM. H. YOST, Chairman,
C. GRAHAM, Secretary.

Western District, Division No. 2, Madisonville, Ky.

Keep Well

Do not allow the poisons of undigested food to accumulate in your bowels, where they are absorbed into your system. Indigestion, constipation, headache, bad blood, and numerous other troubles are bound to follow. Keep your system clean, as thousands of others do, by taking an occasional dose of the old, reliable, vegetable, family liver medicine.

Thedford's Black-Draught

Mrs. W. F. Pickle, of Rising Fawn, Ga., writes: "We have used Thedford's Black-Draught as a family medicine. My mother-in-law could not take calomel as it seemed too strong for her, so she used Black-Draught as a mild laxative and liver regulator. We use it in the family and believe it is the best medicine for the liver made." Try it. Insist on the genuine—Thedford's. 25c a package. E-75

Eclipse At South Pole.

Rochester Post Dispatch.

At the meeting of the American Astronomical Society, Prof. William F. Rigge called attention to some remarkable features of the annular eclipse of the sun which will occur on December 13, 1917. The central line of the eclipse passes through the South Pole of the earth, hence the eclipse will be visible in all longitudes and at all hours of local time.

The most curious fact which Prof. Rigge brought out in connection with the eclipse is this. If we think of the South Pole lying at sea level, then the central line passes about four miles from the pole, and the axis of the shadow cuts the prolongation of the earth's axis 9,107 feet above the pole. But from the report of Amundsen and Scott we know that there is a lofty plateau at the pole with an elevation of about 10,000 feet. In view of this elevation of the ground, it may be said that the central line of the eclipse passed exactly through the South Pole.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price 10c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Purchase Counties Working Roads With Considerable Vigor

Road improvement work is being done by nearly all of the Purchase counties. Work is being started in Calloway county on two roads. The surveying has already been finished and everything will be rushed to completion. The road from Fulton to Hickman, Fulton county, is being improved with rock from Katterjohn quarry. In McCracken county, Contractor L. R. Figg is rushing work on the Mayfield road. Two miles of road this side of Leader Hill have already been improved and work has been started on the road near St Johns. Here work will be somewhat retarded because of the difficult hills that will be encountered. Forces of men have been put to work repairing the Noble road and clearing for work in the vicinity of High Point bridge will be made at once. A new concrete bridge will be constructed there in a short time.

Graves county is pushing ahead with her road building.

The germ of road improvement has spread to nearby counties outside of the Purchase and plans are already on foot for the improvement of the Marion-Princeton road and the Marion-Madisonville roads in Crittenden county. Division Engineer L. D. Hollingsworth left Thursday afternoon for Marion, Crittenden county, with plans for the improvement of these two important highways. He will submit his plans to the Crittenden fiscal court, and if accepted by this body they will be forwarded to State Commissioner of Public Roads Rodman W. Wiley, at Frankfort, for his approval. Mayfield Messenger.

One Drop

Bourbon Poultry Remedy
CURES
GAPES

A few drops in the drinking water cures and prevents white diarrhoea, cholera and other chick diseases. One 10-cent bottle makes 12 gallons of medicine. At drug stores or by mail postpaid. Valuable poultry book free on request. BOURBON REMEDY CO., Lexington, Ky.

For Sale in Marion, Ky., by
Haynes & Taylor.

The Future's Bright Hope. Grandpa thought pa was going to turn out to be something wonderful, and pa is confident that son will make a mark in the world. Each generation seems to realize that it is a failure, but it is betting on the next generation.—Forth Worth Star-Telegram.

His Reason. A woman left her little boy of ten years with a neighbor while she went shopping. He persisted in remaining out on the front steps despite all of her efforts to entertain him. He asked her why he would rather stay there and be said, "I want to see if my mamma is ever turning to tum."

BRITISH TANKS WIN AT YPRES

Germans Were Terror-Stricken When Iron Monsters Appeared in the Distance.

British Front in France and Belgium.—British tanks scored another triumph in the capture of important German positions in the neighborhood of the Ypres-Poelcapelle road, north of St. Julien. It was a tank show almost from start to finish and the infantry in this case played the part of supernumeraries in support of the leading actors, while large numbers of the enemy troops added a final melodramatic touch by surrendering abjectly or fleeing in terror as the heavy leads lumbered onto the stage and "reached for their shooting irons."

As recorded in the official communication, the British captured German defenses along a mile front to a depth of 500 yards. Among the strongholds occupied were the famous Triangles, Hibau and Cockerfort farms, the sites of exceedingly strong concrete and steel machine gun redoubts that menaced the infantry advance.

It was dawn when the tanks lined up and waited for the signal to "go over the top." The British artillery observing no less of chivalry to the tanks than to the infantry in the past, poured a preliminary stream of shells into the German lines, then dropped a barrage ahead of the iron monsters, which started forward, looking for all the world like great dragons that had rolled out from one of Hans Andersen's conceptions into the gray morning light that shrouded this battlefield in the "cockpit of Europe."

Behind them came the infantry ready to do the cleaning up of the remaining enemy. But there was little for the infantry to do, except assemble and care for the prisoners as the tanks progressed. There was hard fighting at several positions, such as the three redoubts mentioned, but it was always brief.

The tanks wheeled into position and turned a heavy fire on the fortifications and the Germans were killed or else they surrendered. The enemy casualties were heavy. Great numbers of Germans were seen fleeing terror-stricken as the tanks appeared in the distance and a considerable number threw down their arms and surrendered without offering resistance.

The tanks cleared the whole territory desired and then trundled back home. They suffered no damage and the casualties for the operation totaled 15. This has been the most striking incident of the latest fighting along this front.

MOVIES FOR SOLDIERS.

Y. M. C. A. Plans Amusements for Boys in Training Camps. New York.—Enough motion pictures to stretch on one film from New York to Fargo, N. D., and provide a program that, put into one performance, would last more than three years, are to be provided by the national war work council of the Y. M. C. A. in the United States to the soldiers in training at the 343 cantonments, camps and posts, the council has announced.

WOULD BAR GERMANS.

British Seamen Want to Keep Them Off British Ships.

London.—At a recent session of the convention of seamen, representing several entente and neutral countries, it was proposed that Germans be barred forever from sailing on British ships. Sympathy was expressed for neutrals on account of their difficulties in maintaining neutrality in the face of such cruel and unscrupulous acts as those committed by the Germans at sea.

SALONIKA FIRE SWEEP.

Famous Walled City of Greece Is Destroyed by Fire.

London.—More than half the walled city of Salonika, in Greek Macedonia, which is under occupation by the entente allied forces, has been destroyed by fire. Eighty thousand people were rendered homeless, and removed to neighboring villages, according to a dispatch received in London.

Czar Is Held in Siberia. Petrograd.—It is officially announced that the new residence of Nicholas Romanoff, deposed Russian emperor, is at Tobolsk, Western Siberia town, and the birthplace of Gregory Rasputin, the mad monk.

Mexico Will Float Own Loan. Washington.—Mexico is preparing to float at home the \$125,000,000 loan which she has been endeavoring to obtain in the United States to rehabilitate her finances.

Martial Law in Greece. Athens.—All Greece is now under martial law, a decree being issued extending the order from the Athens region which was first put under military control.

U-Boat Claims Exaggerated.

Paris.—The German official report of merchant ships sunk by submarines is exaggerated 40 per cent, according to the results of the conference of admirals of allied navies.

Big Fire on Steamer.

New York.—The Norwegian steamer Christian Bors, of 4,076 gross tons, was damaged to the extent of \$1,000,000 by fire, while lying at her dock in South Brooklyn.

PARTIAL LIST OF MEN SELECTED FOR MILITARY SERVICE

From Local Board for County of Crittenden, Marion, Ky.,
Reported by District Board for Exemption Board, Division No. 2, Western District, Madisonville, Ky.

Important Notice to Registrants.

This list, from the date of its posting at the office of the Local Board, constitutes notice to those whose names are listed hereon, that they have been selected for military service, and charges them with an obligation to watch the bulletin board of the Local Board and to hold themselves in readiness to report for military duty at the office of the Local Board at a date to be specified in a later notice to be posted at that office.

Date of posting this notice at office of this Local Board, September 24th, 1917.

Date of posting verified and certified correct.

D. E. GILLILAND, Chairman.
L. E. GUESS, Secretary.

OFFICE OF DISTRICT BOARD FOR EXEMPTION BOARD,
DIVISION No. 2, WESTERN DISTRICT, MADISONVILLE, Ky.

The following list of men, called for military service by the Local Board for county of Crittenden, Marion, Ky., have been duly passed upon by the proper Local and District Board and are hereby certified as selected for military service and not exempted or discharged.

120	Ralligh Wvatt	1007	Tolu, Ky.
122	Herman S. George	353	Salem, Ky., R R No 1
124	Andrew E. Maynard	637	Sheridan, Ky.
127	Harris Hardin	488	Tolu, Ky.
131	Gilliam Brace	112	Casad, Ky.
132	Sheck C. Birchfield	128	Shady Grove, Ky.
139	Lee R. Farmer	327	Sullivan, Ky.
146	James E. Clifton	134	Marion, Ky.
148	Eph Perryman	717	Crittenden Co., Ky.
150	Austin E. Churchill	109	Marion, Ky.
151	Maxie L. Hamilton	388	Crittenden Co., Ky.
154	Gillie Hanby	406	Fredonia, Ky.
156	Greely F. Belt	25	Marion, Ky.
157	Hester Holman	392	Marion, Ky.
159	James R. Harvey	383	Marion, Ky.
	Ollie Matthews	529	Fredonia, Ky., R R No. 2
212	Thos. B. Campbell	212	Fredonia, Ky., R R No. 2
216	Orville Lamb	597	Marion, Ky.
221	Frank Ford	323	Piney, Ky.
223	Jesse R. Wilson	963	Marion, Ky.
225	Roy Thurman	678	Marion, Ky.
227	James C. Turner	680	Marion, Ky.
229	Carlson Belt	23	Marion, Ky.
230	Wm. M. Garnett	331	Mexico, Ky.
231	Archie Hardin	492	Shady Grove, Ky.
234	George F. Patmore	715	Marion, Ky.
239	George N. Johnson	501	Marion, Ky.
241	Norvel Tabor	875	Marion, Ky.
244	Edward H. Yates	1024	Marion, Ky.
247	Bertie C. Little	555	Repton, Ky.
248	Lynn Walker	978	Tribune, Ky.
249	George W. James	506	Marion, Ky.
251	Odie Holoman	435	Fredonia, Ky., R R No. 2
253	Burnie W. Owen	713	Fredonia, Ky.
256	Clarence Belt	113	Ford's Ferry, Ky.
260	John Orville Yates	1034	Sturgis, Ky.

The District Board for Exemption Board, Division No. 2, Western District, Madisonville, Ky.

By Wm. H. YOST,
By C. GRAHAM.

PARTIAL LIST OF MEN SELECTED FOR MILITARY SERVICE

Local Board For Crittenden County, Marion, Ky., Reported by District Board For Exemption Board Division No. 2, Western District, Madisonville, Kentucky.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO REGISTRANTS.

This list, from its date of posting at the office of the Local Board, constitutes notice to those whose names are listed hereon, that they have been selected for military service, and charges them with an obligation to watch the bulletin board of the Local Board at a date to be specified in a later notice to be posted at that office.

DATE OF POSTING THIS NOTICE

AT OFFICE OF THIS LOCAL BOARD
September 20th, 1917.

Date of posting verified and certified correct.

D. E. GILLILAND, Chairman.
L. E. GUESS, Secretary.

Office of District Board For Exemption Board, Division No. 2,
Western District Madisonville, Ky., September 17, 1917.

The following list of men, called for military service by the Local Board for county of Crittenden, Marion, Ky., have been duly passed upon by the proper Local and District Board and are hereby certified as selected for military service and not exempted or discharged.

12	Othar Morgan	506	Sullivan, Ky.
208	Harry M. Johnson	524	Marion, Ky.
207	Poinis B. Dial	278	Tolu, Ky.
199	Corbett V. Sherer	858	Sheridan, Ky.
196	Felix W. Hughes	477	Ford's Ferry
193	John E. Franks	312	Tribune, Ky.
192	Walter H. Hillyard	470	Tribune, Ky.
190	Audrad R. Sunderland	822	Fredonia, Ky., R R No 2
189	Robert L. Elkins	292	Marion, Ky.
188	Roy C. Cook	221	Marion, Ky.
183	Iley B. McDowell	656	Marion, Ky.
181	Edgar F. Wofford	1010	Sheridan, Ky.
177	Fred Walker	974	Repton, Ky.
176	John Glone	368	Tolu, Ky.
175	Kelsey Walker	1002	Marion, Ky.
172	Ottis C. Ford	321	Marion, Ky.
170	Wm. J. O'Daniel	700	Marion, Ky.
165	Charley H. Belt	122	Tolu, Ky.
163	Rance A. Lynch	576	Sheridan, Ky.

Wm. H. Yost, Chairman,
C. GRAHAM, Secretary.

Western District, Division No. 2, Madisonville, Ky.

LIST OF MEN ORDERED TO REPORT TO THIS LOCAL BOARD FOR MILITARY DUTY

And for Transportation to the Mobilization Camp at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.

The following named men are hereby ordered to report at the office of this Local Board for military duty and for transportation to a mobilization camp.

The time they must report is 5 o'clock, p. m., September 18th, 1917.

IMPORTANT NOTICE:—From the hour and date above named, the men herein shall be in the military service of the United States and subject to military law. Failure or unpenitentiality in reporting are military offenses. Willful failure to report with intention to evade military service constitutes desertion, which is a capital offense in time of war.

The posting of this list in the office of the Local Board constitutes notice to each of the persons named herein that they are ordered to report at the hour, date, and place named, and that from that hour they are in the military service of the United States.

Local Board for the county of Crittenden, State of Kentucky, Marion, Ky.

D. E. GILLILAND, Chairman.
L. E. GUESS, Secretary.

Date of posting September 18, 1917.

		date and hour of military report	date actually forwarded to mobilization camp
47	James Hamer Moore	696 5 p. m., 9-18-17	9-19-17
24	Marion Lee Morse	600 5 p. m., 9-18-17	9-19-17
49	Roy Conyer	140 5 p. m., 9-18-17	9-19-17
44	Wallie Edward Tinsley	927 5 p. m., 9-18-17	9-19-17
41	Collie Hunt	432 5 p. m., 9-18-17	9-19-17
22	Roy E. Hearell	486 5 p. m., 9-18-17	9-19-17
75	Milton Hale Walker	982 5 p. m., 9-18-17	9-19-17
77	Walter Agent	15 5 p. m., 9-18-17	9-19-17
82	Floyd King	530 5 p. m., 9-18-17	9-19-17
98	Herbert Ross Brantley	56 5 p. m., 9-18-17	9-19-17
111	Robert Eugene Yandell	1032 5 p. m., 9-18-17	9-19-17

Certificate by Local Board For The County of Crittenden, State of Kentucky, Marion, Ky.

This certifies that the entries in columns 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 are correct and that the above-named men selected for military service were duly notified to report for military service on the date shown on the first page hereof, or, in the case of alternates, in column 4 hereof, and from that date are in the military service of the United States. Those in respect of whom a date is entered in column 6 were actually forwarded on that date to the mobilization camp at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.

Local Board for the county of Crittenden, State of Kentucky, Marion, Ky. Date September 19, 1917.

D. E. GILLILAND, Chairman,
L. E. GUESS, Secretary.

SALE NOTICE

On Saturday Evening Sept. 29th., at 2 o'clock at my residence on east Belleville street, I will offer for sale to the highest and best bidder the following property.

House hold and kitchen furniture, farming implements, McCormick mower, two horse hay rake, two horse wagon surrey with pole and double harness, roller and other items.

All sums under \$5.00 cash in hand, all over that on six months time with bankable note.

John S. Thomas.

BONDS BONDS BONDS

I represent the FIDELITY AND DEPOSIT COMPANY OF MARYLAND. We write bonds for Administrators, executors, Commissioners for sale of property, Receivers, Trustees and receivers in U. S. Bankruptcy proceedings.

Also bonds for State County and Municipal Officials. Don't embarrass your friends by asking them to endorse for you, just call us. Its a pleasure for us to sign your bond. We also sell Life Insurance, see us about an Income Policy.

E. L. Harpending,
Marion, Ky.

Born Sept. 24th., to the wife of Alex Westmoreland near Sheridan a daughter 10 pounds. All doing well.

Born Sept. 24th., to the wife of George Walker, near Chapel Hill, a son 9 pounds. Mother and son getting along nicely.



THE Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. It not only cures but prevents. One small bottle is two months' treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for testimonials from this and other States. J. E. W. Hall, 256 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists.—Adv.

DEATHS

John Martin an aged citizen living north of the city on the Ford's Ferry road died Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock of cancer and dropsy and was buried at the Pilot Knob Cemetery Sunday afternoon. Rev. U. G. Hughes officiating. He is survived by his wife, 4 sons and 2 daughters, two of his sons are in the U. S. Army, two at home. His daughters are trained nurses and are well known here and in many other points.

The death of Rev. William H. Wallace at McKenzie Tenn., Friday Sept. 21st., 1917, caused genuine sorrow here where he lived many years and was universally popular. He had been ill of typhoid fever four weeks and his death had been expected for several days before it occurred. He was in his fortieth year and is survived by his wife who is a daughter of Squire George Williams of this city and two daughters Daisy and Ruby. His twin sister who resides in St. Louis attended his funeral, also his two brothers. The funeral and interment took place in the McKenzie City Cemetery Sunday in the presence of a large audience.

What is LAX-FOS
LAX-FOS IS AN IMPROVED CASCARA
A Digestive Liquid Laxative, Cathartic and Liver Tonic. Contains Cascara Bark, Blue Flag Root, Rhubarb Root, Black Root, May Apple Root, Senna Leaves and Pepsin. Combines strength with palatable aromatic taste. Does not gripe. 50c



One of the bridl courtesies extended Miss Marian Clement was the lovely bridge party given Monday afternoon by Miss Nan-nie Rochester.

Five tables of guests enjoyed Miss Rochester's hospitality including Misses Catherine Dixon of Henderson, Nell Dulen of Madisonville and Mrs. George Eady of Louisville as special guests.

Delicious pineapple mousse with angel food and coffee was served at the conclusion of several interesting games.

Miss Ruth Flanary was the charming hostess at a reception given Monday evening, at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Ed Flanary, in honor of Miss Marion Clement whose marriage to Mr. Edmund Van Pete of St. Petersburg, Fla., was solemnized Wednesday morning.

The guests were met by Mrs. Paul Adams, sister of the hostess Misses Linda Jenkins and Ruth Croft. Standing with Miss Clement and Mr. Van Pelt, were Miss Flanary, Threlkeld, J. L. Clement, Geo. Orme and Mrs. Orme, Miss Nelle Dulin of Madisonville and Mr. Ray Flanary.

Mrs. John Wilson was seated at the piano, sending sweet old Southern melodies echoing thru the rooms.

Never since the "hoop skirt" days, has the old Flanary home been more attractive. At the clever hands of Mr. Paul Adams the house was beautifully transformed into a summer garden, pink and green was the color

scheme, the lights being shaded in rose shades draped in Southern smilax swinging baskets filled with pink roses and ferns were suspended from the stairs and ceilings. Ferns and potted ivy were used in profusion throughout the reception room and hall.

The serving table had as its center piece, an ivy basket filled with La France roses. The whole atmosphere was typical in every way of the generous hospitality that has given its fame to Kentucky.

Seated at the serving table were Miss Virginia Blue and Isabelle Guess, pouring. Refreshments were served by Mrs. Adams, assisted by Mesdames, Learner Guess and Maude Taylor, Misses Boston and Rochester to the following.

Messrs and Mesdames, Ollie Tucker, John Wilson, C. S. Nunn, James S. Henry, Wm. C. Cross, Lewis Clifton, Creed Taylor, Maurie Nunn, Ed Flanary, Rev. and Mrs. Escott, Rev. and Mrs. Short, Mrs. Eady of Louisville, Mrs. W. I. Crues of Ardmore, of whom the bride is a niece.

Misses Kittie Gray, Gwendolice Haynes, Della Barnes, Margaret Moore, Nelle Clifton, Madeleine Jenkins, Frances Blue, Katherine Yandell.

Messrs Geo. Dowell, Clifton Crawford, John Flanary, Ted Boston, Neil Guess, R. B. Cook.

Going Some.

George Kemp has out grown his house already. This week he added a room and bought a fine piano, next week he may add a story to his residence. Hurrah for George.

RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD

(Agelaius phoeniceus)



Length, about nine and one-half inches.

Range: Breeds in Mexico and North America south of the barren grounds, winters in southern half of United States and south to Costa Rica.

Habits and economic status: The prairies of the upper Mississippi valley, with their numerous sloughs and ponds, furnish ideal nesting places for redwings, and consequently this region has become the great breeding ground for the species. These prairies pour forth the vast flocks that play havoc with grain fields. East of the Appalachian range, marshes on the shores of lakes, rivers, and estuaries are the only available breeding sites and, as these are comparatively few and small, the species is much less abundant than in the West. Redwings are eminently gregarious, living in flocks and breeding in communities. The food of the redwing consists of 27 per cent animal matter and 73 per cent vegetable. Insects constitute practically one-fourth of the food. Beetles (largely weevils, a most harmful group) amount to 10 per cent. Grasshoppers are eaten in every month and amount to about 5 per cent. Caterpillars (among them the injurious army worm) are eaten at all seasons and aggregate 6 per cent. Ants, wasps, bugs, flies, dragonflies, and spiders also are eaten. The vegetable food consists of seeds, including grain, of which oats is the favorite, and some small fruits. When in large flocks this bird is capable of doing great harm to grain.

When ever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's.

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 60 cents.